

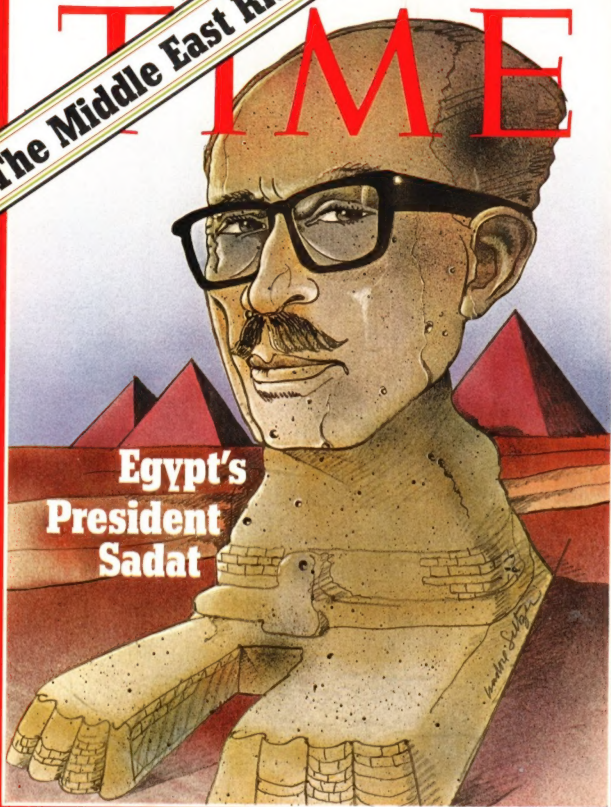
FIFTY CENTS

MAY 17, 1971

The Middle East Riddle

TIME

**Egypt's
President
Sadat**



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

A large, clear glass bottle of Galliano liqueur stands prominently in the center. The bottle is filled with a golden liquid and has a detailed label. The label features the brand name 'GALLIANO' in a stylized font, followed by 'A LIQUEUR' and 'SPECIALITY OF'. Below this, it says 'Antonio Pisoni' and 'Livorno 1762'. At the bottom of the label, it mentions 'Bottled and bottled by BOTTLE POINTS & LONDON - SOLE AGENTS (UK)'. A small figure of a soldier in a red uniform stands at the bottom left of the bottle. To the right of the bottle, a woman with blonde hair, wearing a long, flowing yellow gown, stands with her hands on her hips. She is looking directly at the camera. The background is a stone archway, possibly a ruin, with a brick wall visible on the right. The overall scene is set outdoors, with a path leading through the archway.

MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.

Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.



©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Two ridiculous gimmicks of the 1940's.

Everyone laughed when they came out with the television.

A box that could show pictures from 3,000 miles away? Absurd.

But everyone really cracked up when we came out with the Volkswagen.

A car with its engine in the back? Its trunk in the front? And its radiator in neither the front nor the back?

It even looked like a joke.

But time marched on.

The television clicked.

The Volkswagen accelerated.

People liked the idea of a car that didn't drink gas like water. Or oil like water.

Or, for that matter, didn't even drink water.

Some strange people even liked the idea that it was strange looking.

In fact, Detroit car makers now like the idea of the VW so much that they have decided to make their own.

But even with all those new small cars around, the fate of the bug is still as secure as ever.

This is the first year for all of the others.

We've had twenty-three years of re-runs.



In 1923, diphtheria choked the life out of thousands of children. They could have been saved.



Fifty years ago, many mothers were as frightened by the injection to prevent diphtheria, as the disease itself.

They weren't sure what the inoculation would do, except hurt. To many of them, tying a bag of garlic around a child's neck made more sense.

So they would not have their children immunized.

And children continued to die. When they could have been saved.

Then in 1923, Metropoli-

tan Life gave its agents a special assignment. To persuade mothers to get their children immunized. Whether their family was insured by Metropolitan Life or not.

So agents spoke to mothers in home after home.

And when words didn't work, a picture did. Agents carried with them snapshots of their own children being inoculated by a doctor.

In time, a diphtheria injection became as accepted as a

routine X-ray.

Since then, we've spread the word about vaccinations against smallpox, tetanus, whooping cough, polio, measles and now rubella.

So that today, mothers just read about diseases like diphtheria and smallpox, instead of watching their children die from them.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

HOW DOES THIS BOOK START?

"You can earn \$50,000 a year by playing poker... yes, even more if you want to. Any man or woman can get rich by applying the *Advanced Concepts of Poker*."

This book is for the penny-ante novice as well as the professional poker player; it is for anyone who will ever pick up a poker hand. Once familiar with the *Advanced Concepts of Poker*, your only limitation in winning money is the extent you choose to apply these concepts.

What is your goal in poker? Do you want to get rich, be the biggest winner in the game, gain confidence, punish another player, or just have more fun? Define what you want, then increasingly apply the *Advanced Concepts of Poker* until you reach your goal. How far should you go? ... That depends on you and your goals."

HOW DOES THIS BOOK END?

"John Finn gains a large income by applying the *Advanced Concepts of Poker*. By maintaining the above system of games, he will earn over \$1,000,000 from poker over the next twenty years."



"Sorry, but to protect myself, I must discourage poker players from buying this book."—John Finn.

The largest men's magazine in the world declined to advertise this book because "it would give the reader too much advantage over his competition."

Nationally Advertised in WALL STREET JOURNAL, N.Y. TIMES, FORTUNE, ESQUIRE, DUN'S, AMERICAN BANKER, TRUE, U.S. NEWS, AMERICAN SCIENTIST, NEWSWEEK, ETC. A meaningful and impressive gift with life long value. Not distributed through bookstores.

WHY IS THIS BOOK BECOMING AN INTERNATIONAL BEST SELLER?



Why are tens of thousands of poker players from all over the world quickly buying this book? Why are non-poker players starting to buy this book? What is so valuable about this book? Consider what the reviewers are saying—

But more important, consider what those who have paid hard cash for this book are saying:

NON-POKER PLAYERS

"Indeed one of the most fascinating books I have read. Your comment that one does not need to play poker to enjoy this book is almost an understatement; I felt impelled to read some or all of this book twice or more times with increasing appreciation of this masterpiece. Had so much thought provoking carryover that 15 minutes to an hour of reading drew me into an additional hour or so of enjoyable reflection."

H.F., Massachusetts
"One of the most intelligently written books I have ever read—regardless of the subject." A.S., New York
"Have read it 3 times. Very readable—even for those who couldn't care less about poker." R.C., Washington
"A much faceted book. You get additional meaning on the second reading and still more on the third."

R.E., Texas
"Have read it 5 times." H.H., Missouri
"Page 6 is the key to stock market success!" W.K., Illinois

"Worth reading for every successful businessman." B.K., Ohio
"Keen analysis of greedy minds." J.L., Colorado

"A good insight into human behavior—and greed." W.B., California
"... but above all, inspiring." R.M., New York

"The most vividly realistic book I've read." J.S., Illinois
"A wealth of new ideas and concepts." P.L., New York

"Great—Comprehensive and explicit." R.G., Texas
"Really startling." B.M., Kentucky

"One helluva good book!" A.M., Pennsylvania
"The book is fantastic about poker." L.W., Texas

"Dr. Wallace's Poker Book is a Knockout." E.B., Mexico

POKER PLAYERS

"Since reading Dr. Wallace's book, I have won 5 consecutive winners. I never expect to read a book half as good as the *Poker Manual*. At ten times the price it is still a bargain." H.B., Kentucky

"I have read your poker manual with great enthusiasm. Most of the prevailing poker books attempt to tell you how to play poker, yours tells you how to win money."

S.V., Texas
"I can recall losing money in games where the techniques Dr. Wallace describes were used against me. After reading the book, I am gradually applying Wallace's principles to my game, with 100% success so far!" J.S., Colorado

"Excellent application of one-shipmanship to poker. Already paid for in \$ and pleasure of observation!" R.W., Texas

"Outstanding! Changed me from a consistent loser to a consistent winner!" G.E., Tennessee
"The most superior poker or psychological book I ever read. It actually increased my winnings without getting better cards."

"Paid for the book ten times over the first two games after I read it." N.S., New Jersey
"The *Poker Manual* has increased my winnings by 500 percent."

F.J., Texas
"Wish I could have obtained it 30 years ago. I don't dare let my fellow players read it." L.M., New York
"A decidedly new outlook and fresh approach to the old game of poker." P.J., Indiana

"Of all the poker books I have, I find this one the most knowledgeable." L.R., New York
"The best poker book I've read out of about forty." I.S., Washington

"Most realistic of all poker books I have ever seen." W.L., Virginia
"Excellent. As useful a poker book as I've ever read—and I've read every one I've ever seen." Dr. D.B., Texas
"The *Poker Manual* is the best ever written."

Professor T.C., California
"Thank you for writing such an outstanding book on poker. I have found it literally invaluable." A.W., New York

THESE AND MANY OTHER UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS ARE IN WRITING AND ON FILE IN OUR OFFICE.

NOTE: This book is not only crucial to poker players, but is important to all individuals interested in the principles of maximizing money-making opportunities while remaining impeccably honest. (e.g.: "Thought-provoking ideas for the serious stock market student." FRASER PUBLICATIONS, Vermont.)

"POKER" A GUARANTEED INCOME FOR LIFE by using the ADVANCED CONCEPTS OF POKER"

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AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
Rx Sports and Travel Reports:
"A lot of people who have always figured themselves to be poker players are going to find they belong with the ribbon clarks before they've read two pages of a new book by a plain-talking scholar."
"Starts in where the other poker manuals fold."
"Dr. Wallace demolishes many a cherished poker rule of thumb."
"If you're a poker player, this book would have to be the best \$12.50 investment you've made."

This 100,000 word manual is now available after many years of preparation by Frank R. Wallace, Ph.D. This book shows, step by step, how you can win considerable money by applying the "Advanced Concepts of Poker." Thousands of players from all over the world are quickly buying this book. This is what reviewers are saying:
"Continued. May absorb the casual reader. One of the most readable and informative volumes to appear."

New Haven Register
"A valuable eye opener." The Providence, Vancouver, B.C.
"Presumably unobtainable at Las Vegas." The Book Exchange, London

Milwaukee Journal and King Features Syndicate
"If poker is your thing, then this is your book." Bookman's Weekly

"Concentrates on the most important aspect—winning!" The Book Exchange, London
"Shows how to psycho-poker-analyze opponents, how to read them, and how to milk them to their last dollar." American Bridge Teachers Association Quarterly

"Designed for players who want to make poker a means of livelihood." Bookman's Weekly
"The book is fantastic about poker." Dr. D.B., Texas

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE 120 ADVANCED CONCEPTS REVEALED:

- How to be an honest player who cannot lose at poker.
- How to increase your advantage so greatly that you can break most games at will.
- How to avoid winning too fast.
- How to extract maximum money from opponents.
- How to keep big losers in the game.
- How to drive winning players from the game.
- How to lie and practice deceit. (Only in poker can you do this and remain a gentleman.)
- How to use unexpected cards without cheating.
- How to remember all exposed cards and ghost hands.
- How to read closed hands of opponents.
- How to beat dishonest players.
- How to control the rules.
- How to stimulate poor attitudes in opponents.
- How to make a good player disintegrate into a poor one.
- How to manipulate opponents through distractions and hypnosis.
- How to locate or create new games for bigger profits.
- How to operate Major and Minor League games with a Farm System.

Any or all of the 120 "Advanced Concepts of Poker" can be mastered by using the unique DTC technique, which will allow you to control poker games and their players.

In addition to offering these powerful, money-making concepts, this book is an in-depth, definitive treatment of poker. The appendix, the same, contains the most complete glossary, bibliography, history... and the only accurately defined tables of odds ever published.

And, very important, the fundamental errors embraced by the 133 poker books published in the past ninety years are systematically pointed out in this radically different book.

This book is also crucial for defense... for protection against players' secrecy using these concepts to extract your money.

You can buy this \$12.50 hardbound book from the publisher for \$9.95 (postpaid) until 6/30/71.

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In November, 1895, William Grant's son-in-law made 187 calls without selling a bottle of Scotch.

Young Charlie found it was uphill work trying to sell a new brand to the dubious pubkeepers and shopowners of the Highlands. Even though Grant's was a great whisky, he had to tramp the highways and byways of Scotland before he made his first sale. But he persevered and finally made it on his 188th try. From then on, sales soared.

Today, Grant's 8 Scotch is famous for its eight years of careful ageing that assures the same smooth, light, balanced flavor first created by our founder

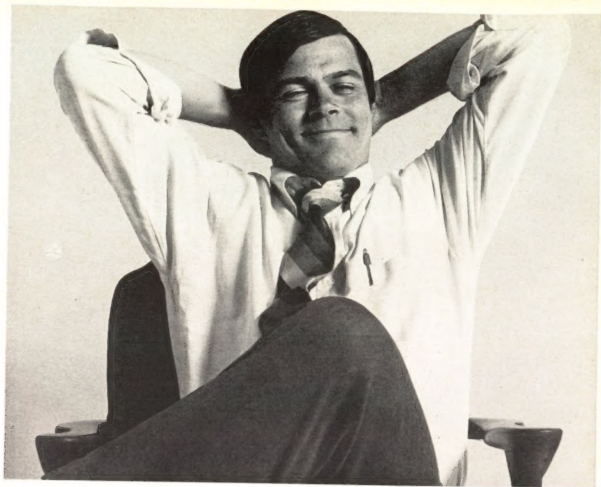
Major William Grant in 1887.

The secret of Grant's success is more than just the special blend of fine grain and Highland malt whiskies. The secret is the Grants themselves and the continuing perseverance of four generations to making Scotch with the kind of personal care that's unique to a family-owned, family-operated business.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch and you share it every time you open the bottle.



Grant's 8 Scotch: share our family secret.



How to have money in the bank without depositing one red cent

Borrowing money becomes practically painless when you qualify for a line of credit at LaSalle.

No matter how good your credit is, if you're like most of us, you shrink a little at the thought of the questions you have to answer and the forms you have to fill in to qualify for a loan.

With a line of credit at La Salle National Bank, you only have to do it once. You answer a few questions, fill in one form.

If you qualify, La Salle sets up a line of credit for you. This will range from \$500 to \$5,000 depending upon your needs and income. That's all there is to it.

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A line of credit at La Salle is like hav-

ing hundreds of extra dollars in the bank. There are two ways you can draw on this cash reserve:

1. Write yourself a loan by writing a check—Write a check on your La Salle checking account. If there isn't enough money in your account to cover the check, La Salle will automatically loan you the amount needed up to your full line of credit in units of \$100.

2. Send us a "Make me a loan" card—When you qualify for your

line of credit you will be given a supply of "Make me a loan" cards with self-addressed postpaid envelopes. Just fill in the amount you need on the card, fill in your name, address, and checking account number, and La Salle will deposit the amount you need in your checking account.

As you repay your loan, your line of credit automatically renews itself. Whether you ever plan to borrow money or not, it pays to qualify for a La Salle line of credit so you'll always have a cash reserve to draw on if you ever need it.

LaSalle...the bank on the move



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Your next camera shouldn't just go "click"

The way Minolta looks at it, you should be able to just go "click" when you take a picture. But the camera shouldn't. So Hi-matic 35mm cameras are built to do the work. While you take the credit.

THE MINOLTA HI-MATIC E is so automatic, it will take time exposures automatically. All by itself, an electronic programmed shutter sets everything that has to be set. And flash photography is equally foolproof. An optional electronic strobe automatically decides when flash is needed and, only then, flashes. Around \$130, plus case, with Rokkor f/1.7 lens.



THE MINOLTA HI-MATIC 7s will adjust its own lens opening and shutter when you set it for fully automatic operation. But as you get to know more about photography, you may want to make your own adjustments. You can! Because the Hi-matic 7s can be used semi-automatically or manually. Just like 35mm cameras costing hundreds more. Around \$95, plus case, with Rokkor f/1.8 lens.

THE MINOLTA HI-MATIC C may be just right if you want fine 35mm pictures at an economical price. It automatically sets the right lens opening by itself. Automatic flash photography, too, with Minolta's "Flashmatic" system. And the Hi-matic C is so compact (it even has a retractable lens) that you can slip it in your pocket. Around \$65, plus case.



For more information, write to
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Minolta Hi-matic cameras

LETTERS

Insulting Profundity

Sir: What a Sneaky Pete type of diplomacy the Chinese have resorted to in the Ping Pong incident [April 26]. What an insulting way to go about re-establishing relations with this country. This should really tell us something of the contempt in which we are held by our enemies. The amount of space and profundity devoted to this insult shows how willing we are to absorb it.

LINKY HESS LUTHER
Buffalo

Sir: Your story "The Ping Heard Round the World" gives me hope that perhaps this world may make it. It is ironic that a Ping Pong team could do what no diplomat could. In the smugness of our homes we tend to forget that there are others on this planet. Not to recognize 700 million human beings is sheer stupidity.

PETER J. MOLAY
Richmond Heights, Ohio

Sir: Wonderful. For the sake of maybe several hundred million dollars in trade, we now open the door to liars and butchers, and stab poor old Chiang Kai-shek in the back again. The love of money really is the root of all evil.

MRS. DON NEWCOMER
Alhambra, Calif.

Sir: As a devotee of table tennis, I am sure that your coverage of the U.S.T.T.A. team in China was great for the game, but to be called a Ping Pong player is a standard insult to a serious competitor in the U.S. Why don't you say that Lew Alcindor plays "dribble drabble," and Johnny Unitas "punt punt"?

ALGIRDAS AVIZIENIS
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir: This is a people-to-people movement. For God's sake let's keep the politicians out of the picture, or it will be ruined. Can't you see what will happen once the President and Congress get their self-seeking fingers into this peaceful feeling?

C. DONALD BROWN
Perry, Me.

Hidden Mozarts

Sir: The TIME coverage of the advances made in the science of heredity and genetic control [April 19] was great. But there is one fiction that is always repeated: that one of the nobler objectives is the creation of more Newtons and Mozarts. A nation the size of ours must contain thousands of natural Newtons, Mozarts, Shakespeares and Van Goghs. Why aren't they recognized?

GEORGE STRONG
Riviera Beach, Fla.

Sir: I was astounded to read that the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* was a "great" event in science. Evolution is neither a science nor a history, but rather an anti-Christian, antitheistic way of thought. It is nothing more than a theory. Time would lead the reader to assume it is a proven fact.

BARBARA FAHLBERG
Brookings, S. Dak.

Sir: If our ape ancestors had any inkling that their progeny would not swing from tree to tree but from planet to planet in

A fiber by any other name is not Fortrel.

Fortrel polyester is a man-made fiber.
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You don't buy it from us. A textile manufacturer buys our polyester and designs it into a fabric. Then we test it. Then a clothing manufacturer buys the fabric and fashions it into apparel.

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We'll test a fabric for up to 32 different performance

characteristics to make sure our fiber has achieved its full potential in the finished fabric, and will perform as it should in the clothes you wear. And because we know laboratory tests aren't the final word, we often run rugged wear-tests, too.

For over 15 years Celanese has been testing the product you buy, not just the product we make. And as new uses for our fibers enter the market place, we develop new tests.

For example, Fortrel, which was specifically developed to provide garments with comfort, easy care, freedom from wrinkles, lasting color and unique textures, has become significant in men's fashions.

Especially in the new doubleknits and textured wovens. So we've developed special man-proof tests. To make sure a man gets what Fortrel has to give.

Get the most out of your clothes. Look for the Celanese Fortrel trademark hang tag when you're out shopping.

A fiber by any other name is not the same.



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If you did, you could actually feel the diamond pattern come alive. Because it's raised. Which gives a great new dimension to a shirt. One that flat weaves never achieve. This

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spaceships, they probably would have had the same fears and apprehensions as we have. And if these Miocene-era ape men had had the power and the will to halt evolution (as we seem to have the choice), we would not be here but in the trees. If we see our state as superior and improved as compared to that of the apes, then why not let the improving process continue?

BOB WAFF
Detroit

Sir: The difference between the dinosaurs and man is that man is creating his own swift-changing environment to which he cannot adapt.

FRANK KATYLA
Detroit

Sir: It seems obvious to me that we need "cell banks" in which cells from endangered species of wildlife could be kept alive or preserved. Then if the species become extinct, they could be duplicated by cloning.

If this idea is practical, it would seem prudent to start building up the banks as soon as possible, before more species become extinct.

JOHN R. McDONALD
Alexandria, La.

Sir: Man, who has thus far proved himself unable to build a better mousetrap, now presumes to build a better mouse!

BARRY FRICK
Kansas City, Mo.

Life-Saving Potential

Sir: I still have more faith in the combined sincerity and intelligence of the proclaimed peacekeepers [May 3] when they mobilize on Congress to pass legislation that will outlaw the manufacture in possession of an automobile capable of going more than 70 m.p.h.

The life-saving potential is 20 to 50 times that of ending the Viet Nam War, and we could accomplish the saving with no betrayal of our promises. Now would we have to face the slaughtering of the innocents.

GORDON M. JONES
Evanston, Ill.

Sir: Being knee-deep in the grave (having lost both legs) as a result of the war in Viet Nam, I vehemently support those veterans who recently turned in their combat medals. Their action will, unfortunately, bounce off humanity's conscience as easily as their medals bounced off John Marshall's head. I propose that a monument in the shape of a colossal garbage can with an eternal flame burning on top be erected in Washington to contain all the returned medals. This monument would then become a living memorial to those who rejected the concept of a personal grave.

GERALD A. WILLIAMS
Durham, N.C.

Whose Progress?

Sir: In the story on Florence Luscomb [April 26] you state that she has "stood shoulder to shoulder . . . with Abbie Hoffman and the Black Panthers." Also that she has marched "to protest the Government's treatment of Angela Davis." A bit later, you describe her actions as "extensions of a lifelong devotion to progressive causes."

I wonder whether you really believe

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Kinya Kanayama, Nagoya, Japan



HONGKONG HILTON

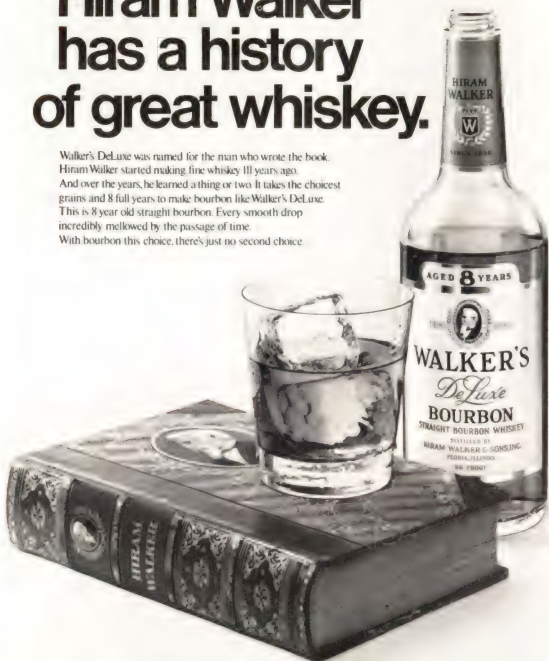
"The cruise on your yacht, the 'Wan Fu,' was certainly unusual. But I think I'll always remember hearing a knock on my door soon after I first arrived, exhausted, and finding your houseboy there with a welcoming pot of tea. I call that hospitality."

Mrs. Sandra Wynne-Morgan
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April 21, 1971

that the activities of Abbie Hoffman, the Black Panthers and Angela Davis represent progress in America?

J.C. HEPLER, M.D.
Glenside, Pa.

Misguided Lid

Sir: Getting More Power to the People [April 19] touched on the most volatile aspect of the fuel issue—the cost of natural gas. Foreign imported gas sells for 75¢ per million cubic feet compared with 15¢ for Oklahoma gas of comparable quality. The Federal Power Commission's misguided lid on domestic gas prices has stymied Oklahoma's economy, inhibited exploration and triggered a fuel crisis. Consumers wanting clean fuel are willing to pay the price. Otherwise, imported gas at five times the cost of Oklahoma fuel would never sell.

DAVID HALL
Governor
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Local Untouchables

Sir: Kudos to Father Robert Duryea for not disappearing quietly following the disclosure of his marriage [April 26] and to his parish council for its supportive stand.

Only when the Catholic laity realizes that celibacy in itself is not a vocation and abandons its concept of the parish priest as the local "untouchable" will true religious reform take place.

JOAN M. SUTTON
Reading, Pa.

Sir: Your story about Father Robert Duryea's attempted marriage fails to mention that clandestine marriage is prohibited for all Roman Catholics, not just vowed

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What's wrong with this picture?

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in France. Nor

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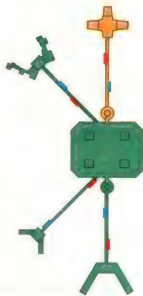
That's because Tampa is not the usual long, strung-out building. The ticket counters are in a central building. The planes are at four satellite buildings. You ride to your plane on a Westinghouse "horizontal elevator." Sort of a cross between a bus, a train, and a regular elevator.

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JUSTYRING
Baltimore

celibates. Many will find his ease at fraud more difficult to understand than his discomfort in celibacy.

RICHARD MAINE
Baltimore

Sir: You say Father Duryea named his son Paul for Pope Paul VI.

I respectfully suggest that Father and Mrs. Duryea named their son Paul for St. Paul, who said, "It is better to marry than to burn."

BETTY DYER SORESEN
Visalia, Calif.

A Mite Older

Sir: So glad to see that Tricia Nixon rated *Women's Wear Daily's* "best dressed child" and "Goody Two-Shoes" awards [April 26]. Even though poor, aging Irish is now 25, the titles have too long been held by Jackie Onassis—who is, after all, a mite older.

MRS. KENNETH C. FEITY
Pico Rivera, Calif.

Sir: I wonder who on the *WWD* staff has successfully shopped for adult styles made in size 3. I would like nothing better than to dress my age, but the clothing industry does not seem to recognize that maturity and large sizes do not necessarily go hand in hand. Am I destined to become a 60-year-old teen-ager?

(MRS.) JANE KELLEY
Anderson, S.C.

Sir: The assassins of *WWD* who tore into 25-year-old Tricia Nixon had better wake up. She looks charmingly attractive, beautifully wholesome and deliciously desirable. Another girl the same age wearing the same outfit might look ten years older and disgustingly bland. *WWD* ate sour grapes, and their teeth are on edge.

PAULINE O. DISERENS
Cincinnati

To the Joy of Gnomes

Sir: After reading your article on "The New Room: No Furniture" [April 26], I believe the time is not too distant when whole populations will be living in "liberating cubes," which to me smacks of re-entry into the womb, and a sterile one at that. How sad that man has literally progressed himself back into a cave-like dwelling. Happily, plastic and light bulbs have replaced rock and sunlight—to the everlasting joy of gnomes, no doubt.

DAVID I. BROWN
San Diego

Address: LETTERS TO TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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14 changes to keep Chevelle from changing hands for a long time.



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Change number **1**, new Power-Beam headlights. **2**, a classically simple new grille with **3**, a new front bumper to match.

4, recessed taillights in rear bumper. **5**, new protective side moldings for Malibu.

6 is new front fender lights. A steering wheel with cushioned center is **7**. **8**, new soft control knobs on energy-absorbing padded instrument panel.

9 and **10**: exhaust emission

control and fuel evaporation control systems.

11, a new side-terminal battery.

New interior and exterior colors are **12** and **13**. **14** is new interior trim for Malibu.

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But did you know
True Green is, too?



Regular or menthol. Doesn't it all add up to True?

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 17, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 20

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Force of Arms

It is a familiar irony that the progress of civilization has turned the earth into an elaborately sophisticated armed camp. During 1969-70, the money that human beings spent on the means of killing one another rose to an alltime peak of \$204 billion—as much as the income produced in a year by the 1.8 billion people in the poorer half of the world's population.

There were, however, some mildly hopeful signs in an annual survey of military spending issued last week by the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Discounting inflation, last year's total military outlays actually represented a slight decline. But developing countries continue to buy arms at a rate outstripping the growth in their gross national products. One of the commission's more melancholy statistics revealed that global manpower in armed forces and military-related employment was, at latest count, close to 60 million—the equivalent of the population of West Germany.

Sweet Bird of Youth

Anyone who ever hothored to think of it, including the authoritative *Biographical Directory of the American Congress* and perhaps his own mother, believed that South Carolina Representative John McMillan was 73 years old—born April 12, 1898, near Mullins,

S.C. But McMillan came under criticism last January from liberals who claimed, among other things, that he was too old to be chairman of the House District of Columbia Committee. Now, in the just-published *Congressional Directory*, McMillan has miraculously shed four years. His birth date is listed as April 5, 1902. "I don't know his age," claims an assistant. "Make him anything between 65 and 75." Perhaps Ponce de León should have run for Congress. If McMillan can stay in the House another 20 years, he may find himself a vigorous 50 years old.

Summer Government

To get a better idea of his department's work in the West, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton, a Marylander, has decided that he and a dozen top aides will spend the month of August running Interior from the regional office in Denver.

Perhaps this notion of taking bureaucracy into the field will catch on with other departments. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, for example, could spend the season at Khe Sanh, getting a sense of what his men are up against. Secretary of State William Rogers could summer in the Sinai, while Labor Secretary James Hodgson might spend August in downtown Detroit. A summer on Wall Street might hone Treasury Secretary John Connally's mind. Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans could work out of the Baltimore docks, and



ARRESTED DEMONSTRATORS

HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson out of any slum of his choosing.

Perhaps the only happy man in the Cabinet, next to Morton, would be Transportation Secretary John Volpe, who could load lemonade, sleeping bag and portable power saw into a camper and set off across the American countryside, pausing now and then to picnic and saw down a roadside billboard.

Unbirthdays

Nothing to celebrate tonight? Consider all of the unbirthdays that the nation's mayors, Governors and even Presidents have provided. If you missed cherishing May 1 as Give Your Girl a Pearl Day, there is still ample time to observe International Play-Your-Own-Harpsichord Month, which is also National Tavern Month. Have a Bach beer.

The churchly calendar of saints' days may have become obscure to many, yet Americans have cloaked nearly every day, week and month of the year with a quaint secular significance. All of Illinois, for example, can look forward to June as Fight the Filthy Fly Month; Georgia observes Barbershop Harmony Week, Conway Twitty Day and Georgia Hat Week.

Recently, Arizona Governor Jack Williams bought some trouble by proclaiming May 28 as John Birch Day, supposedly in honor of an Army Air Corps captain killed by Communist Chinese in 1945 and not in tribute to the right-wingers who borrowed his name. Williams pointed out that he has also proclaimed a Martin Luther King Day. Diseases like syphilis have grown to epidemic proportions, and California is now in the midst of VD Awareness Month, observed among other things with buttons that advise: PROTECT YOUR LOVER.



PONCE DE LEÓN

McMILLAN





FENCED IN ON WASHINGTON ATHLETIC FIELD



BLOCKING TRAFFIC AT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

Self-Defeat for the "Army of Peace"

SPRING was difficult to enjoy in Washington last week. Amid whiffs of tear gas, the wail of sirens and wandering bands of youths calling themselves guerrillas, the capital endured an odd and bitter little siege. Preposterously ill-organized for such a venture, Radical Rennie Davis' Mayday romanced itself into the delusion that it could literally close down the Federal Government by blocking traffic into the city during morning rush hours. In terms of that immediate goal, the protesters had about the same effect on traffic as a heavy spring rain.

But there were more disturbing effects. To thwart the lawlessness of Mayday, Washington police broke the laws themselves, making thousands of illegal arrests as they swept the streets clear. And in what almost seemed a willfully self-defeating gesture, the demonstrators diverted public attention from the war issue to the issue of their own conduct, thereby diminishing rather than gaining influence and, for a time at least, clouding the future of antiwar efforts.

Gypsy Camp. The "Army of Peace" began as a kind of variegated gypsy camp of 50,000—hard-core radicals such as Davis and Abbie Hoffman, older pacifists like David Dellinger, dope freaks, troubadours of the counterculture, teeny-boppers, committed soldiers of the movement, longhairs on an oblivious narcotic-political binge and not a few unwashed young Government agents. Many had remained in Washington after two weeks of earlier actions, including a moving protest by Viet Nam veterans and a peaceful mass rally of 200,000.

CHIEF WILSON

At the beginning of the week, Mayday volunteers were camped in West Potomac Park near the Jefferson Memorial. Many came only for a rock festival and would have been, at most, passive onlookers at the closing down of "the war machine." The Justice Department and Washington Police Chief Jerry V. Wilson, fearing that the force of 50,000 could indeed paralyze the city, hit upon a brilliant maneuver. At 6:30 a.m., Wilson's police quietly moved into "Algonquin Peace City," revoked the campers' permit, disconnected the all-important loudspeaker and sent the



kids scattering. Many simply left town; others spent the time that was to have been used laying out Mayday's grand strategy roaming the streets in search of a place to sleep. The pre-emptive raid, a tactical stroke that evoked even Davis' grudging admiration, may have been a significant reason why the next morning's eruptions did not end in massive violence and possibly serious bloodshed.

Musical Bodies. With its obsessive emphasis on "collective decision making," Mayday was at best unpredictable. When the demonstrators began their traffic disruptions at about 6 on Monday morning, they were mostly small bands arrayed against Wilson's well trained and disciplined cops, who were reinforced by 6,000 federal troops and National Guardsmen, with another 6,000 in reserve. The troops' role, according to a police official, "was to be bodies in a game of musical bodies," to act as the manpower at bridges and other traffic arteries to push away abandoned cars and to protect property from "trashing."

At Key Bridge, the crossing from Virginia to Georgetown, Mayday protesters arrived early and succeeded in halting traffic for eight minutes before motor-scooter police chased them off. Elsewhere, at the eight other intersections Mayday had marked for blockage, demonstrators fled from tear gas and fast-moving police. With thousands of protesters in the streets, Wilson soon issued his controversial order to dispense with the normal and slower arrest procedures, and radioed his men to "just load 'em into the vans," a process that led to thousands of indiscriminate arrests.

—of bystanders on their way to work, for example, and of 23 newsmen. Wilson denied that the Justice Department had originated the order, although it is likely that he did clear it with the department.

Doubtful Triumph. If Mayday wished to measure its success by the extent to which Washington's citizens were made aware of its opposition to the war, then the protest was successful. Everyone was at least aware, and many were angry. Some protesters slashed tires, dented and even overturned cars. The group from Key Bridge retreated and snarled traffic in Georgetown's side streets with parked cars, overturned mailboxes, trash cans and broken glass. Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell opened the door of his Georgetown house, stood for a moment in his pajamas inhaling tear gas, and quickly retreated. Another man, neatly dressed in

On the second day, it was obvious that Wilson's method had succeeded in decimating the Mayday forces. As the arrest total rose (more than 12,000 by week's end), Washington police received 250,000 calls from parents throughout the U.S. who were hoping to locate their youngsters. There was little disruption of traffic as the demonstrators began to understand that the Government was listening to traffic reports rather than the antiwar demands they were making. They next approached the older ethic of passive civil disobedience, massing at the Justice Department under Attorney General John Mitchell's window and waiting to be arrested. Some 2,200 were. Next day another 2,000 gathered at the Capitol's East Front steps at the invitation of several antiwar congressmen. Although the protesters argued that they were now exercising the constitutional right of pe-



AT REST IN WEST POTOMAC PARK

a business suit, stood in his doorway impassively cradling a rifle in his arm.

One cop related: "There's this woman driving her kid to school when they laid a big log over her car. Out she gets with a can of Mace and lets them have it right in the kisser. One of them said, 'You can't do that, lady. That stuff is illegal.'" Although the level of violence was fairly low on both sides, some protesters did throw rocks and bottles at police, and a few cops bloodied heads unnecessarily. Overall, Washington police showed exemplary discipline; a less well trained, less tightly controlled force could have brought about a very different outcome: people seriously wounded or even dead.

The White House had earlier made the decision not to permit the disruption of traffic, but it left the details to Wilson. The chief had two choices: engage the peace army in a one-sided combat of clubs, as the Chicago police did in 1968, or make mass arrests, restoring order at the cost of stretching the law. Taking the second course, Wilson jammed the jails and had to improvise lockups on a Washington Redskins' practice field and in the Washington Coliseum.

MITCHELL (SECOND FROM RIGHT) DURING RALLY



POLICE MAKING ARREST



CAMPSITE SCENE BEFORE
Amid the fantasies,
TIME, MAY 17, 1971

tition and assembly, the cops claimed they were violating a 1967 law forbidding abusive language or disruptive conduct on the Capitol grounds.

Like the rest of the week, the scene was a combination of pathology and pathos. As some of the young earnestly and fearfully sought to move Congress with their message against the war, a longhair pranced naked before the Capitol. Montana Senator Lee Metcalf socked a cop in the chest for refusing to let him pass. Then, implacably, the police moved in to arrest yet another 1,000 and haul them off to jail.

Alienation. Mayday went into a "tactical retreat," promising further actions of prolonged militancy against the war, possibly starting the next on July 4. "What the movement must do," said Davis, "is struggle with the American people, struggle with their consciences." It may eventually need new leaders, however, since Rennie Davis and John Froines, both members of the Chicago Seven, were arrested last week and charged with conspiring to deprive individuals of their civil rights. A third Chicago defendant, Abbie Hoffman, was charged with crossing state lines to incite a riot.

For the moment, Davis says, "what we have to do is get everything into perspective." Given some of the fantasies in which Mayday was indulging last week, that may take some time. The irony is that at a moment when the majority of Americans are turning increasingly against the war, some of the antiwar radicals, as if from long habit of alienation and more than a touch of egocentricity, seem intent on focusing angry attention upon themselves instead of on the battle they mean to end.

Inside the Woodstockade

On the first morning of the Washington protest, TIME Correspondent Robert Anson was covering a group of demonstrators near the Lincoln Memorial, and was swept up in the ensuing "bust" (the charges against him were later dropped). Along with others, he was taken to the makeshift jail that was soon cheerfully labeled "Woodstockade." His report:

EVEN though we stood in the shadows of the city jail, it quickly became evident that this was no ordinary prison. Gamboling over the grass of the 2,500-sq.-yd. enclosure were hundreds of protesters crying, "Welcome, brothers and sisters!" to one another. Said one prisoner, rubbing the tear gas from his eyes: "This isn't a jail! This is a goddam party!" So it seemed. Indeed, there was more petulance than anger. Moaned one youngster, as he was pulled into the compound: "I mean, I was going to be guilty, but they busted me before I even had a chance to do anything." Besides, it was difficult to get mad at guards who kept smiling and joking and, in one instance, answered shouts of "Pig!" with "We don't like the war any better than you do."

The camaraderie quotient built as fresh busloads of arrestees poured in. A ritual was played out for each new arrival. A reception line was formed, composed of representatives from each Mayday "region." The newcomers held their right fists high in the standard radical salute or entered with their hands clasped on their heads, P.O.W. style. They were greeted with the chants: "Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh. N.I.F. is going to win," or "One-two-three-four, we don't want your f---in' war."

The most resonant cheer went up for a little old lady in a print dress and a cloth coat, who wrinkled her nose and shot her right fist aloft as she walked through the gate. The crowd mobbed her when she announced in a syrupy Southern drawl that her name was Nannie Leah Washburn and that she had traveled all the way from Atlanta to lie down in front of cars in a traffic circle. "I was born a rebel and I'll always be a rebel," she creaked, and the crowd cheered with gusto. When she told them it was her 71st birthday, she was rewarded with a thundering chorus of *Happy Birthday*.

The novelty of new arrivals ultimately wore off, and the prisoners settled into a routine. Frisbee and smoking grass were signal diversions. One group commenced a surreal *Blow-Up* basketball game with an imaginary ball. Finally a prison warden produced

the real thing. Separate latrines were established: a modest covering was provided in the one for females, a gesture labeled "sexist" by women's liberationists. Regular prisoners from the overlooking cell blocks threw down friendly gifts of oranges and tobacco. Late in the afternoon, when the wind picked up and the sun dipped behind the clouds, a city prisoner even tossed down his trousers with a note: "Here are my pants to keep you warm. We're all with you and love you too. My friends and I are very lonely people."

Predictably, the carnival atmosphere diminished somewhat. The Army set up a crude tent hospital, and a prison doctor announced that all prescriptions for drugs, including methadone, would be filled. One fellow screamed in mock withdrawal pain: "Give me cannabis, give me cannabis. I can't live without it!" Some women wandered into the tent asking for birth control pills (the medics had none).

The more militant prisoners carried on endless legal colloquies and insisted upon "noncooperation with the system," which meant rejecting food, water, blankets and tents. It also meant refusing to participate in the lengthy legal processing that began in the late afternoon. One of the hard core—dubbed "Lin Piaoists" by someone within the compound—seemed a bit subdued when he realized that he had let himself in for, "If I don't sign the paper and be fingerprinted," he muttered, "I could be in here forever." A girl roamed through the crowded area crying, "New York region, where are you? Will someone please have a meeting. We haven't had a meeting in two hours."

Darkness eventually shrouded the compound and, revolutionary noncooperation or not, the protesters began to protect themselves against the chill. Blankets were unfolded, and packing crates were broken up for firewood. The fervor of resistance seemed to relax, revealing a band of people who were young, tired and cold. A few tried a couple of verses of *Viet Nam Rag*, then retreated into subdued silence; hardly anyone knew the words. Then someone put a harmonica to his mouth, and soon they were singing, like so many Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls:

*Someone's in the kitchen
with Dinah.
Someone's in the kitchen I
know-o-oh, oh.
Someone's in the kitchen
with Di—nahhhhh.
Strummin' on the old banjo.*



POLICE BROKE IT UP
perspective will take time.

Democrats: On the Threshold of Adventure

There is much more to a presidential candidate than his stand on issues and his ability to marshal organizational and financial support. Political potential also involves intangibles of spirit and philosophic roots. Less than a year before the 1972 presidential primaries, TIME Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sides offers his impressionistic assessment of the Democratic contenders. Even at this early date they are running hard.

NOT the least of the political curiosities in this year of the urban age is that six of the seven men raised up to challenge Richard Nixon come out of small-town America. Only Teddy Kennedy, a child of privilege, does not know the sulfuric terror of a tiny Methodist Sunday school, the hard-penny economies of a paper route or the ecstasy of being a state tuba champion.

For those who have seen the sun-burned 4-H boys in the pens with their heifers and listened to the croak of a village valedictorian unawed by God or science, there is no mystery in their consuming urge for public service and their special sense of self-importance. They are the ones who listened to and believed the Scripture lessons about helping each other and rejecting materialism. They learned the satisfaction of personal excellence and leading others. They are all now on the threshold of an adventure that not even they imagined back in Mitchell, Doland, Shirkleville, Everett, Rumford and Ida Grove.

They are good men, in the apple-pie tradition, maybe good to the point of boredom, but that is in the eye of the beholders. They are men of uncommon decency and devotion, but none has lighted a real fire. Whether any of them would make a good President is still a question for most Americans.

McGOVERN: A Singular Intensity

George McGovern is the philosopher, well read, thoughtful, open as a South Dakota sky, every idea floating up and out for all to see. Some are only half-formed. He may be too honest and too open. His singular intensity seems sometimes to sweep him beyond the fine limits of good judgment. He ends up beyond any serious constituency, too strident on the war, too quick to embrace any dissenter, suspected finally of being an opportunist, without the relief of generating excitement.

McGovern sits in his office surrounded by stuffed pheasants and distinguished service awards (one from the National Limestone Institute). "I don't have any trouble sleeping," he says. "I'm doing what I want to do." He is modishly dressed in wide collar and thick tie, yet talks with the slow rasp of a country preacher, which he almost became. The paradox again. His boyhood heroes are George Norris, Bob La Follette and

Peter Norbeck, who worried most about the people, and McGovern is doing no less. "We have lost our individualism, our sense of our own uniqueness. The young are closer to the truth."

Yes, he says, the race for the presidency is evening up now. He sees a chance that few political professionals concede to him: "I feel it in my bones. I have no doubt at all that I could lead the country in a more hopeful and joyful direction."

BAYH: Hard to Read

Across the hall is Birch Bayh (pronounced hye), Indiana's Vigo County 4-H'er. He is surrounded by pictures of covered bridges. Debate champion, Golden Gloves light heavyweight, lawyer, nemesis of Haynsworth and Carswell. "I'm not scared by the presidency. As a President, I could make a difference. It's whether you want a presiding officer or a leader." The phrases come out in that prepackaged rhetoric of the heartland that too often has been mistaken for real achievement, a smokescreen for charlatans. They invite distrust today. They come from a face that is uncreased, hard to read. There is not yet in his talk a hint of a new American vision or even much fresh thought. But there is some elemental force, a determination not evident in the rhetoric.

Bayh knows almost every important Democrat in every important state. He has money and he moves like clockwork around the circuit, tireless, like some kind of political accountant totting up the gains, raising the larger question of whether his kind can compete in a time that calls for a new spiritualism. "I'm not here by accident," he says quietly, and there for a moment is one of those kids nestled in the clean hay of the sheep barn or holding the halter of his prize pony and calculating what he can do to get more points and capture the blue ribbon and knowing that God helps those who help themselves.

HUGHES: An Essence of Mystery

More than the others, Iowa's Harold Hughes exudes the faint essence of mystery, a political asset. Man of religion, former truck driver and reformed alcoholic, he moves into a room trailing wonder. "We've got to get out of the psychology of believing that the problems have no solutions. The solutions are in the hearts of the people on Main Street," he says. Huge, powerful, all-state guard and a tuba champion. There is a sensitivity also. "We need more love in our daily lives. There needs to be a willingness to forgive each other." But there is something almost too mysterious about Hughes. His thoughts seem too simple, too direct. It is as if he has arrived here more on the breadth of his

shoulders than his mind. The world beyond American shores is still unknown to him. So are the complexities of Washington. Yet there is this kind of fearless thing inside him that intrigues his audiences. It is not yet clear if it is foolhardiness or a special courage.

Hughes' life has been hard, but good. He remembers with relish tumbling out of bed on frigid Iowa mornings and running naked down to dress behind the wood stove, the only heat, bending too far in his exuberance and burning his fanny. "People survived by helping oth-



MUSKIE



HUGHES

ers," he says, eyes wandering west. A neighbor came during the Depression to borrow a dollar. The Hughes family had three. They lent one of them. With his baritone voice he sang at home and in high school. "I still remember how it goes," he says, sitting in the afternoon light in the waiting room off the Senate floor. He straightens up, rumbles out the first few bars of his old solo, "When big profundo sang low C..."

MUSKIE: Loading or Led?

Ed Muskie is labeled, cast, watched. He is more wary than the others, the price of being ahead. Yet all of his experience has not erased his sense of awe about being where he is and who he is. And in a way that is his strength.

There is newness still about him, an abiding belief in the goodness of people that continues to rise to the surface, and even his temper emerges as a very special righteous indignation, a rare quality in the gray of Washington's current power holders. Ed Muskie, the Polish immigrant tailor's son, is a true

vision lens in front of him and it is the wellspring of all power and he must put on his stovepipe hat. They whisper around the Capitol corridors that if Muskie had the hardness in him right now, he could seize the thing before next year. His staff is big and growing, and Muskie is moving more and talking out but sometimes he seems lost in details, as if his own cluttered and compassionate mind will not let him cut through to the fundamentals of running for and winning the nomination.

When Muskie lets his length slump at last, folds his hands, gives off that long-jawed smile, then there is some of that real Maine stuff that sweeps away doubts and makes everybody trust him. "Peo-

of a Western tree. He is an easy and sensible man. Tougher than his exterior. There is a sameness about Jackson that plagues him. For so long he has been the champion of the aircraft industry. "Mr. Boeing." Somehow he is that image of the perpetual proponent of military preparedness. There is something of mothballs about it: cold warrior in the year of the great search for human warmth. His impeccable liberal credentials on social affairs, economics, conservation are lost to view.

He got his name Scoop when he peddled the *Everett Herald* in the red-light district. He went back as prosecuting attorney and cleaned the place up. Nowadays he quotes Churchill, who worried about America's inner strength and ability to "stay the course." He has read Mao and studied the lives of all the top Russians, and so he thinks we ought to keep our weapons modern and have plenty of them. That idea keeps setting him apart from the others. To him it is simple. You seek peace but stay strong. We need the SST, but we don't need to disrupt nature. "We can have quality of life and economic growth." The parlor liberals have forgotten that jobs are important, he insists. He studies a lot, squirreling away facts. "Some of these guys go up the hill and down the hill," he says. "They come out with mush." Not Scoop Jackson, paper carrier, sawmill hand, law-and-order commencement orator.

HUMPHREY: Lively Fuddy-Duddy

Hubert Humphrey, dean of the class. Scared and bruised, but jumping and hubbub, the glands still exuding their special juices. It is odd how good he looks up close but how old he seems from a distance. There in front of the desk he bathes you in warmth and enthusiasm. The mouth turns down naturally, and that, along with his pointed jaw, could make him seem mean, but he never lets it happen. Humphrey laughs uproariously and shows his visitors a little plaque that says to HELL WITH DO-GOODERS. He savors a man of light heart and the joy of children. That is why Humphrey somehow bores his constituency to death and then suddenly wins them back and goes on and on. Does he still want to be President? For a moment, there is the hesitation of a beribboned campaign veteran, and then, what the hell, he is too long around to play games. "Yes, I do."

Then Humphrey is talking and pacing and lecturing and preaching and laughing. "I give these young people on my staff hell, I say. 'Here I am, an old fuddy-duddy, and I have more ideas than you do.' This Administration is not only apathetic. It is questionable if it is alive." Each new thought, each fresh phrase lights him up as he beholds himself. "It's not a Silent Majority; it's a deaf Administration. There is no spirit." Old Father Humphrey ("Daddy") is up on the wall, the man who read him Woodrow Wilson and Wil-



HUMPHREY



JACKSON



BAYH



KENNEDY



McGOVERN

ple lack confidence and trust in each other and in their Government," he says. "They are looking for a man who knows who he is. Yes, yes, we can deal with our problems, but there has to be action." A question rises, floats there for a second. Is Muskie out there leading or is he being swept along by forces beyond him? But then he has untangled himself, and is moving off with long strides toward something and somebody who is waiting.

JACKSON: The Cold Warrior

"I'm having fun," says "Scoop" Jackson. "I'm speaking my mind." A huge picture of Seattle is spread across his wall, and there is Grand Coulee Dam at night, and his coffee table is a slice

believer. That scarecrow frame, craggy face and gravelly voice make everybody think of Abraham Lincoln, and that is of huge appeal in this aimless age. But occasionally there is the disquieting sensation that somehow he is trying too hard to be "Honest Abe," trying too much to reason with every voice that is raised against him.

Muskie feels there is always a tele-

liam Jennings Bryan. Humphrey talks about how the public now is a different public from when he started. The people cannot be fooled. They know. About January he is going to ask himself if they really believe in his ideas or whether they consider him only a rerun of the past. If he gets the latter answer, then he says he is going to square his shoulders and say, "I don't want any part of me either."

KENNEDY: Driven by Something Bigger

You walk up apologetically to Teddy Kennedy, the different one, because there is a sadness that follows him. He gathers the tourists in his arms for the Instamatic pictures, and they dissolve in bliss. Wait, he says, have somebody else snap it so the mother can be in there too—and she goes out of her mind with joy. But is he too jolly? Yes. Driven by something that is bigger than him and bigger than anybody. There is the smell of position and power already in Kennedy's office. The couch is thick and lush, not the black Government issue. The pictures on the walls are large and professional—of family and friends, telling in their way the Senator's past and his purpose. The other candidates seem like renters in their quarters. Kennedy seems to own his.

The smile is there, but one wonders how deep. He is polite, but there is a thin, cool curtain between him and his audiences. Flashes of boredom occasionally pierce his sentences, which often lag behind his thoughts, and sometimes there are no verbs or objects. It keeps nagging that he is in something that he may not want, but as long as he is there he will get on top of it, maybe even manage it. The sense that he can listen to and understand another man's ways, a large measure of John Kennedy's charm, still eludes him. Nor is there yet the feeling that human misery moves him as deeply as it did Bobby. He imitates more than innovates. "Out there" in the country, he says, is something he calls "a mood thing." "The idea that the people wanted a period in which to rest no longer seems valid. They are ready for someone to lead them." He has seen despair in the long lines of poor people. He has felt that they have almost given up believing in the American dream, which he still represents. He is running for President, but he is not running, believing he is beyond Chappaquiddick, but not certain the people are. He is trying to grow up those last few inches, like his brothers, and it is not clear yet if he will make it, but it is clear that if he does, he will not be like the other two.

There may be more, or perhaps fewer, men in contention for the Democratic nomination by the time the voters of New Hampshire become the first to express their preference next March. Presidential politics is the most exacting and brutal test of a man, and in the end only one will survive.

TIME ESSAY

CAMPAIGN COSTS:

IN an expansive mood, the mayor of Buffalo, N.Y., recently described himself as "the best mayor that money can buy." He was kidding, of course—but it was the kind of joke that many politicians today would make at their peril. Once such a line might have brought down the house, but nowadays it comes uncomfortably close to the truth—not about corruption but about a far more costly phenomenon: campaign expenditures. The growing dominance of TV on every level of political salesmanship has raised campaign costs astronomically and convinced the public that politics really is a rich man's game. Even running for a modest office like, for instance, Congressman from the First District in Utah, requires at least \$70,000; in a few hotly contested urban constituencies, the cost of running a successful campaign would boggle the mind of an old-fashioned Tammany boss. When it comes to a major campaign for Senator or Governor, let alone President, the cash required would have stunned even so peerless a fund raiser of a generation or two ago as James Aloysius Farley.

Not that the political magic of money is limitless. Money can help make a candidate a household word—but it cannot guarantee that the household will vote for him. Too many other factors determine an election. No matter how much he might have spent on campaigning, it is most unlikely that Barry Goldwater could have defeated Lyndon Johnson for the presidency in 1964. In 1970, Industrialist Norton Simon, despite a bottomless purse, could not win the Republican senatorial nomination in California from the vulnerable, venerable incumbent, George Murphy. Regardless of his gifts or the size of his war chest, a Republican candidate for Congress in Mississippi starts with two strikes against him: so does anyone who runs against a Kennedy in Massachusetts.

Even if big money is not necessarily decisive, it has certainly become, for most politicians, indispensable. A single federal law regulates campaign spending—the amended Corrupt Practices Act of 1925. The law limits the amount that an individual contributor can donate to a single campaign committee; so candidates organize a multiplicity of committees. The law requires candidates to report expenditures of which they are aware; so they profess general unawareness. It bans corporate contributions; so corporate executives act as individuals in distributing company largesse. It bans labor-union outlays; so unions form political-action committees. The law's effectiveness may be measured by the fact that no candidate

has ever been convicted of violating it.

Now Congress is under strong public pressure to pass realistic, enforceable legislation that would put a ceiling on campaign expenditures. Seven months ago, President Nixon vetoed a bill limiting the amount a candidate could spend on radio and television on the ground that it provided for equity in only the broadcast media. Nixon also contended that the bill favored incumbents, who are almost always better known than their opponents and whose perquisites of office—such as staff, franking and office space—amount to a campaign subsidy. Last month the Senate Commerce Committee reported out another bill, clamping a



"Equal

limit of 10¢ per eligible voter on spending for all forms of communication, with no more than half the money to be used on radio and TV. Swift passage by the Senate is likely, although prospects in the House are uncertain.

Those who favor a ceiling on campaign expenditures appear to have a strong case. The present situation clearly seems to favor the rich and jeopardize the chances of a candidate without personal wealth. Usually, it is argued, he must turn to big contributors—big lobbies, big business, big labor. Senator Edmund Muskie, who has no fortune of his own, will need at least \$25 million to win the Democratic nomination and wage a respectable campaign for the presidency in 1972. Must a candidate with insufficient mortgageable property mortgage his soul? Did the U.S. really benefit because political parties spent \$300 million on candidates in the 1968 elections?

But the matter is not as simple or one-

FLOOR, NOT CEILING

sided as it appears. One objection to a ceiling is that despite television, campaign expenditures for 1968 consumed proportionately less of the gross national product than those in 1952. An even more effective point is that a ceiling on spending is unenforceable, ineffective and probably unconstitutional as well.

On balance, opponents of a ceiling seem right in arguing that the benefits of incumbency, particularly in congressional elections, are as important as funds. How can any law make up for the free time and free space that the press and TV lavish on an office holder? How can the public discern the line

on television spots. Both Metzbaum and Ottinger outspent their primary opponents by a wide margin—only to lose in the general election that followed.

The two cases illustrate both the limitations of money in politics and its ability to lessen the odds between newcomers and incumbents or glamorous public figures. Both Metzbaum and Ottinger were reasonably able, attractive candidates, and voters were entitled to know about their credentials. Under a restrictive spending law, the voters could not have known. Ottinger's ultimate defeat, it might be noted, raises the point that in certain situations spending too much may be as risky as spending too little. Many political experts believe that a contributory factor in his loss was the resentment of voters who felt that Ottinger's incessant TV commercials represented an attempt to buy victory with publicity.

There is a widespread misconception that only "special interests"—the fat cats—would be inhibited by ceilings. What about contributors motivated by a cause? Could a citizen committed to ending the war in Indochina be legally prohibited from using the most effective method available to him in achieving his goal—giving money to an antiwar candidate? No law could plainly differentiate between "special" and ideological interests.

Labor unions conduct "educational programs" whose intent is to register voters favorable to union-backed candidates. Are the costs of such undertakings to be included in the spending limitations imposed on those candidates? And what about the millions of brochures, flyers and house organs distributed at great cost by both unions and trade associations? They heap praise on Candidate Y, the friend of the drug industry, or Candidate X, labor's advocate in Washington. Are such publications part of a campaign? Or are they instruments of free speech? It is doubtful that any law could draw the line.

Most of these arguments are forcefully advanced by Howard R. Penniman, professor of government at Georgetown University, in a paper published by the American Enterprise Institute. In the same publication, Ralph K. Winter Jr., professor of law at Yale, argues that Government regulation of a campaigner's fund will "skew the political process in unforeseen and undesirable ways." Candidates opposed to the Establishment would suffer most. If campaign contributions were controlled by law, how could a McCarthy mount a challenge to a sitting President of his own party? To get the candidate around

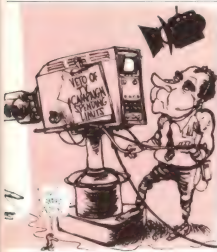
the country, on the tube and in the papers takes money. The incumbent is accorded greater exposure at no cost.

"The notion that the Establishment 'buys' elections by campaign financing is a myth," Winter writes. It ignores the fact that the "outs" depend upon adequate financing to offset, at least in part, the advantages that the Establishment enjoys simply by being the Establishment. Winter further suggests that spending limitations would increase candidate reliance on fat cats. Why assemble a campaign kitty from a variety of sources with a variety of interests when a small coterie of like-minded contributors can provide all that the law allows?

One problem that may well merit new legislation involves the full disclosure of campaign contributions. Winter resists changes even in this area, arguing that any law might inhibit an idealistic philanthropist from backing a candidate who favors a seemingly unpopular cause. Perhaps so. On the other hand, if a candidate's financial support comes largely from the drug manufacturers or the oil industry or labor political-action committees, the voter is entitled to know that.

Given their eagerness to fall in on the side of the angels, there is a danger that lawmakers will take poorly considered action in preference to no action at all. Yet something needs to be done. That something should be the building of a floor rather than a ceiling. Every potential candidate is entitled to a minimum reasonable exposure of his person and ideas. Challenging incumbents clearly requires money; it is unfair to give that chance to only the rich or the allies of the rich. For every Metzbaum and Ottinger, there may be half a dozen abler candidates who cannot raise enough money to campaign. Public funding is required. Each candidate should be provided with an amount based on the vote cast in the previous election for the office he seeks. Thus, through television and other means, he could at least alert the electorate as to who he is and what he proposes. The money would be appropriated by Congress. Above the floor, candidates could spend any amount they deemed prudent—and could lay their hands on. The candidate with lots of money would still have an advantage, but not such an overwhelming one.

Apart from money, voters can be swayed by a candidate's vigor, by the beauty of his wife, by the skill of his speechwriters, and by his reputation outside of politics (no matter how irrelevant that may be to his qualifications for office). There is no practical way to achieve absolute equity for candidates. But in a capitalist democracy, money is the great equalizer, the great leveler of odds. To limit its use in politics would limit freedom rather than protect it.



Time

separating the political and the official acts of an incumbent? Even without effective spending limits to hamper their challengers, more than 90% of House members who seek re-election win another term.

The question is whether democracy is well served by perpetuating incumbents in office. Would it not be better to afford challengers the opportunity to make their names and programs as familiar to the voters as are those of entrenched opponents? Last year's congressional elections brought two notable examples. In Ohio, an obscure millionaire named Howard Metzbaum bought statewide name recognition through heavy TV spending; without it, he could not possibly have defeated Former Astronaut John Glenn in the Democratic senatorial primary. In New York, a slightly known but wealthy Democratic Congressman, Richard Ottinger, won his party's senatorial nomination largely because of a similar lavish expenditure

HISTORICAL NOTES

The L.B.J. Library

Shortly before her death in 1958, Mrs. Sam Johnson prodded her son Lyndon about keeping his personal papers and documents in good order. He took her advice. When Lyndon Johnson left the White House eleven years later, he carried with him 31 million pieces of paper—the memos, minutes and top secrets of his career. It is the largest and most complete presidential collection ever assembled, and the library that houses it is on the same scale: a \$10 million, eight-story marble vault dominated by a 60-ft. "Great Hall" built on a hill overlooking the University of Texas campus in Austin.

The huge library contains records of every telephone call to and from Johnson during his presidency, diaries of every minute of those five years—including notations about naps and meals—staff memos by the tens of thousands, tons of task-force reports and Cabinet studies, and millions of feet of microfilmed records of Government agencies. Stored in red buckram boxes embossed with the presidential seal, they

will fill four floors of archives. But the 43,000 boxes will represent only the surface; in addition, there are nearly 1,000,000 photographs of Johnson's official and family activities, reel after reel of color movie film, and an oral-history section that includes 600 taped interviews with such diverse personalities as George Wallace, James Farmer, Dean Rusk and Senator Edward M. Kennedy, who gave three long interviews on L.B.J.'s relationship with his family.



JOHNSONS AT NEW LIBRARY
Barbecue and a few old grudges.

Three million documents, housed in

a temperature-controlled basement vault, are still classified top secret, and some of them will be unavailable to the public and scholars until they are declassified and Johnson clears them for release. One document already public is a note from Robert F. Kennedy handwritten in January 1966: "Listening to my colleagues in Congress (including myself) on what to do and what not to do in Viet Nam must become somewhat discouraging at times. I thought it might give you some comfort to look again at another President, Abraham Lincoln, and at some of the identical problems and situations he faced that you are now meeting."

Center of Power. The Johnsoniana is augmented by the papers of important contemporaries including Clark Clifford and Drew Pearson. Says Library Director Harry Middleton: "Dean Rusk gave us his appointment books, which is all he took from the State Department except for his hat." L.B.J.'s penchant for record keeping is not limited to the stuff of archives: the library also houses an exact replica of the Oval Office, complete with the three-seat television console, and bronze-backed display cases containing the Johnson daughters' wedding dresses, Lady Bird Johnson, who chose the library site and has been frequently seen directing its construction over the past five years, is behind some of the more personal touches. Says she: "Visitors want to sniff the presidency, to see firsthand the real belongings that were part of the center of power."

The library will be formally dedicated May 22 in the finest Johnson tradition with 2,400 guests due to watch the ribbon cutting, then file into Memorial Stadium for a barbecue. Invited guests include President Nixon and Vice President Agnew, but not War Critic Senator William Fulbright or Former Press Secretary George Reedy, whose book *The Twilight of the Presidency* reportedly offended L.B.J. Lyndon Johnson may belong to history, but some grudges apparently do not.



WESTMORELAND AT FORT HOOD CEREMONY

Unveiling the Army's TRICAP

THE combination of armor, air-mobile infantry and air cavalry represents "a logical outgrowth of the great advances in Army mobility and the lessons learned in Southeast Asia," Army Chief of Staff General William Westmoreland intoned last week at Fort Hood, Texas. The occasion was the unveiling of the Army's first triple-capability (TRICAP) division, an experiment in relating the uses of the helicopter, as refined

in Viet Nam, to the Army of the 70s and '80s. Should TRICAP prove out over the next three years, it will employ tanks for shock on the ground, Hueys and CH-47 Chinooks for troop transport, and either Cobra gunships or the new Lockheed Cheyenne missile platforms for air support. The modernized division will be assigned as part of the U.S. commitment to NATO defensive units in Western Europe.

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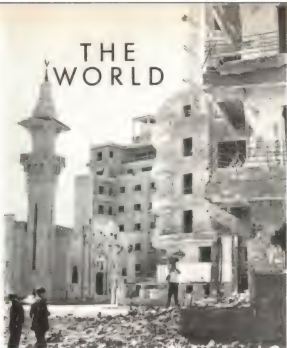
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THE WORLD



DAMAGED BUILDINGS IN TOWN OF SUEZ



SADAT & ROGERS MEETING IN CAIRO

Middle East: The Underrated Heir

WHEN he succeeded the late Gamal Abdel Nasser last October, he was greeted with a cascade of tasteless jokes. "We're suffering two plagues at one time. First Nasser dies. Then we get Sadat." Haughty survivors of the *ancien régime* ridiculed him for his dusky skin (from his Sudanese mother) and because he had come from an impoverished delta village that is so remote the nearest bus route is a mile away. Politicians dismissed him as a lightweight whose chief talent was sheer survival. When he delivered his first May Day speech in the steelmaking city of Helwan, workers shouted "Sadat! Sadat! Sadat!", but the photographs they waved portrayed Nasser, Nasser, Nasser.

Yet Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, 52, after seven months in power, is no longer the butt of scornful jokes. He is no longer referred to as a "caretaker," soon to be supplanted by a more powerful leader. Dispossessed aristocrats no longer mock him, and politicians are discovering unexpected talents. Like some Nileside Harry Truman, Sadat is running the most populous and most important Arab nation with far greater authority and efficiency than anyone had anticipated.

Through deft diplomatic maneuvering, he has also managed to make himself something of a key to the solution—if any—of the Middle East riddle. In the weeks and months ahead, he will be one of the major figures with whom the U.S. must deal in the attempts to contain the dangerous Arab-Israeli conflict and to keep it from becoming a Soviet-U.S. confrontation. Last week Secretary of State William Rogers flew into Cairo to make a first-hand as-

essment of Nasser's successor. Rogers was also interested in exploring one of Sadat's latest initiatives: a proposal for an agreement between Egypt and Israel on reopening the Suez Canal.

Unfinished Business

Sadat, among other things, is attempting to come to grips with the kinds of domestic problems that Nasser shunted aside as he pursued his costly war with Israel and his grandiose visions of Pan-Arab unity. Egypt last week reached a population of 34 million (early this year, Israel proudly welcomed its three-millionth citizen). At present, Egyptian babies are being born at the rate of one every 40 seconds. Sadat is trying to meet some of the inevitable problems that this overbreeding creates, particularly in a nation where much of the population is crowded into a narrow ribbon of verdant land astride the life-giving Nile. In both Cairo and Alexandria, the country's two dominant cities, emergency repairs are under way to keep hazardous water, sewage and electricity systems functioning. Last week Sadat promised old age pensions for all Egyptians within a year and forecast constitutional reform "which will shape our society."

Telephones are still tapped frequently and mail and cables censored in Egypt. But there have been some notable relaxations. The secret police are far less in evidence now. Following record crops last year, consumer goods are more readily available and some food prices have been forced down. The cruel sequestration laws that Nasser invoked to punish the middle class for opposing him have been eased, and many Egyptians

are reclaiming seized property. Faced by a shortage of efficient managers, Sadat is seeking to create a class of executives and to give them a sense of belonging.

Open criticism is being allowed again, and there have been some pointed attacks on the Pan-Arabism that flourished under Nasser and all but obliterated millennia of Egyptian history. Wrote Literary Editor Louis Awad of Cairo's *Al-Ahram*: "If you search in the six reading books taught from Grade 1 to Grade 6 in Egyptian schools, you do not come across the name Egypt even once. You only discover stupid poems that begin, 'I am an Arab. My father is Arab. My brother is Arab. Long live the Arabs.'" So pronounced is the "Egypt first" mood that the Cairo correspondent of Beirut's *Al-Mushir* recently fretted in print: "I cannot but be concerned about Egypt's Arab character."

Bold Stroke

If there were any doubts that Sadat was running the country, they were dissipated last week when the President in a bold stroke purged Ali Sabry, 50, one of his two Vice Presidents and his closest competitor for power. Sabry has been resentful from the first that it was Sadat, not he, who won the presidency after Nasser succumbed to a massive coronary thrombosis. After some months of

* Egypt's Arab character actually is limited, even though the country's official language is Arabic and its formal religion Islam. Bedouin Arabs constitute a sizable minority, but so do Copts and Nubians. Ethnically the predominant Egyptian is a Mediterranean rather than Arabian man, and he has changed surprisingly little since pharaonic times.

sniping, he decided to challenge Sadat head-on over the proposed federation of Egypt, Syria and Libya. The union has been coolly received by Egyptians, who recall how a similar federation with Syria dissolved rancorously a decade ago. Sadat is not believed to be much more enthusiastic; but he agreed to join in order to put pressure on Israel and to mute criticism of his diplomatic initiatives toward the Israelis.

Direct Affront

At a bitter, five-hour meeting of the 150-man central committee of the Arab Socialist Union last month, Sabry launched a showdown attack on the federation. Like the pro-Communist Sudanese, the left-leaning Sabry objected to any alliance with Libya's Muammar Gaddafi, a fundamentalist Moslem who vigorously opposes Communism. Sabry's real target, however, was Sadat. Sabry bluntly demanded: "Where did you get the authority to agree to this federation?"

It was an affront that Sadat could not ignore. Five days later, during his May Day speech at Helwan, he pointedly ignored Sabry among 40 notables gathered on the dais. Then, his back ramrod stiff and his brown eyes flashing, he declared: "I am responsible to the Almighty, the people, and myself." Next day he stripped Sabry of the vice presidency.

In no area, however, has Sadat left his imprint more clearly than in the tortured Arab-Israeli confrontation. This is the problem that Richard Nixon has described as "the most dangerous" facing the U.S. and, indeed, the rest of the world, because of its "potential for drawing Soviet policy and our own into a collision."

After the humiliation of the Six-Day War of 1967, Nasser mixed bluster and bullets in his efforts to regain Sinai and the Gaza Strip from Israel. He suc-

ceeded only in accumulating 20,000 casualties in his fruitless "war of attrition," and was more than glad to negotiate a cease-fire. Sadat, with a calm and moderate approach and the subtlety of a bazaar merchant, has managed in four months to put Israel on the diplomatic defensive. First, in a major shift in Arab policy, he announced his willingness to recognize Israel's right to exist in return for the restoration of captured territory. Next, he offered a kind of mini-peace on the issue of the Suez Canal as a way of getting that waterway into operation again and, more important, of getting Israeli troops off its east bank.

Sadat's proposals were well timed. In New York, the Big Four meetings on the Middle East involving the U.S., Soviet Union, France and Britain were getting nowhere. The indirect talks among Egypt, Jordan and Israel under the aegis of Swedish Diplomat Gunnar Jarring were similarly stalemated. Sadat's proposal seemed a way out of the impasse. Though the Israelis publicly voiced reservations, one high official described the plan as "the only remaining exit." Secretary of State Rogers, who apparently felt the same way about it, scheduled a seven-day Middle Eastern tour to explore the possibility of carrying out the Sadat plan.

Accompanied by nine official delegation members, an administrative and security staff of 36, and 20 Washington newsmen, Rogers visited Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Lebanon and Egypt, winding up at the end of last week in Israel. There were certain dangers implicit in the tour. Simply by winging about the area in a great blue and white presidential 707, Rogers raised hopes that he would break the diplomatic logjam. If there is no progress—either on the Suez plan or the broader issue of an overall Arab-Israeli settlement—the U.S. can expect some harsh criticism.



SOVIET-MADE TANK & EGYPTIAN
Troublesome question

Rogers only fueled that feeling when he said last week: "There has never been, and may not again be for a long time to come, a better opportunity than exists today to move toward a just and lasting peace." Said Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco, traveling with Rogers: "One thing is sure. The situation will not stand still. It will either improve or deteriorate."

Two Plans

Sadat's Suez plan calls for the Israelis to withdraw from their fortified Bar-Lev Line to new positions farther back in the desert along a line from just east of the Mediterranean coastal town of El Arish to Ras Mohammed, at the extreme southern tip of the Sinai peninsula just west of Sharm el Sheikh (see map). Once the withdrawal had been accomplished, Egyptians would occupy the area and begin the laborious business of clearing the waterway (see box, page 28).

Israel, which has never been allowed to send a ship through the canal, was wary. For one thing, the Israelis consider the waterway an ideal tank ditch against any Egyptian cross-canal movements. The farthest that Israeli troops would probably withdraw from the Bar-Lev Line would be to an area from which they could see or hear Egyptian or Russian troops crossing the canal in strength. Israel indicated last week that it would also oppose the rebuilding of bridges over the canal. Moreover, Israel insisted that it would consider a Suez settlement as a separate agreement, and not the beginning of any wholesale Israeli withdrawal from other occupied territories—the rest of Sinai, the Gaza Strip, the West Bank of the Jordan River, East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights. More than that, Israel demanded iron-bound guarantees from the U.S. that if there were any cross-canal troop movements, Washington would 1) veto any Security Council resolution

UNIFORMED RUSSIANS ON ALEXANDRIA SIGHTSEEING TOUR





CREW ON DESERT TRAINING EXERCISE about Moscow's role.

condemning Israeli retaliation and 2) provide direct support if Israel proved unable to cope with the situation.

With such conflicting points of view, another standoff seemed to be in the making when Rogers hove into view last week, the first Secretary of State to pay calls in the area since John Foster Dulles in 1953. In visiting Egypt, he also became the first Secretary of State to call on a nation with which the U.S. has no formal diplomatic relations; Nasser severed them in 1967. In Cairo, Rogers spent nearly seven hours talking with Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad and Premier Mahmoud Fawzi. Afterward, he spent an hour relaxing at the palm-fringed pool of the Nile Hilton Hotel. Refreshed by a nighttime visit to the Sphinx and the Pyramids, Rogers next morning met with Sadat for two hours and 45 minutes. Flying on to Israel, Rogers held two meetings with Premier Golda Meir and her advisers. Said one Israeli who happened to be outside Mrs. Meir's Jerusalem office while the first meeting was still going on: "It sounded like a family fight. I thought they were going to come to blows."

September Deadline

In his exchanges with both sides, Rogers noted barely perceptible signs of give. The Egyptians indicated that the military force on the east bank need not be terribly large. In a second, two-hour-and-50-minute discussion with Mrs. Meir, Rogers was told that Israel might not object if nonmilitary Egyptians crossed the canal; there were hints that policemen might be considered nonmilitary. The question, of course, was whether Cairo would accept such a limitation on its sovereignty. By week's end, when he headed for Rome and then home, Rogers was sufficiently encouraged to announce that he was sending Sisco back to Cairo this week to discuss still more details.

There is real concern in Egypt and Israel alike that unless some progress is made on the Suez plan fighting may break out again by September. That is when the summer heat begins to abate. It is also when the three-nation Arab federation is scheduled to come into existence, and at least one of the founders, Libya's mercurial Gaddafi, will be putting pressure on Sadat to take some action against Israel. Sadat told Rogers that if there are no results by September, he anticipates tremendous domestic pressure to resume fighting.

That could be mere talk. But one of the genuine unknowns in the situation is the Egyptian army. The army now totals 300,000 combat troops plus some 1,600 tanks and 640 mostly late-model Soviet jets to support them. Against this force the Israelis have a regular army of 75,000, plus 300,000 combat-ready reservists, at least 1,080 tanks and 368 warplanes. Most Egyptian military men concede that in a fourth round of fighting, the Israelis would clothe them once again but probably at a great cost to Israel.

The most troublesome question, of course, is what role the Russian servicemen in Egypt would play. Most observers figure that Russian advisers and technicians would pull back to avoid incidents if Egypt decided to mount any kind of cross-canal raid. Less certain, however, is the status of the Russian pilots who are flying the most advanced jets that Moscow has shipped to Egypt. If the Israelis began sending their planes over the Egyptian interior, the Soviet pilots would almost certainly challenge them. But what if the Israelis avoided "deep penetration" raids, yet were giving the Egyptians such a beating that Cairo began pressuring Moscow to send its pilots into battle? Beyond that, there is another peril-fraught contingency. The Israelis claim that they can neutralize or destroy the Soviet-built missile network if a new round of fighting erupts.

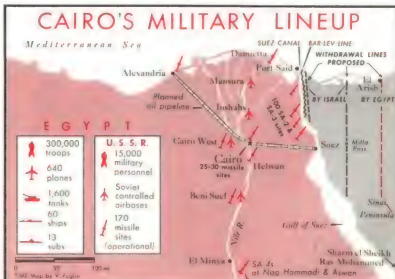
Could they do so without either killing many Russian technicians or provoking a response from Russian jets—or both?

That leaves the Egyptians. As a Western diplomat in Cairo said recently: "No one really knows what the Egyptian army is thinking. They were fueled by the rhetoric of Nasser and doubtless feel a longing for that kind of sustenance. They were eternally frustrated by a policy of 'no war, no peace,' and the war of attrition hardly seemed like an answer. Sadat's diplomacy for peace is therefore appealing, provided it produces results. But there surely is a point down the road when an intolerable moment will arrive. It could then be that the pressure would bear down hard on Sadat and he would have to order a go-ahead." That would probably mean another defeat and an end to Sadat's reign.

Cadet Nasser

It would be ironic if the army brought about the downfall of Sadat, a onetime career officer who managed to come far from the little village of Mit Abu al Kom. Sadat's father was a humble civilian clerk with the army; young Sadat dreamed of wearing the pips of an officer on his shoulders. Despite a passion for movies, he got acceptable grades in secondary school after the family moved to Cairo's Kubri al Quba section. Finally he secured an appointment to the military academy at Abhassiyah, which had just begun to accept sons of the lower classes as well as the aristocratic boys it traditionally favored. Sadat quickly became friends with Cadet Gamal Abdel Nasser, his classmate. "We were young men full of hope," wrote Sadat later in his *Revolt on the Nile*. "We were brothers-in-arms, united in friendship and common detestation of the existing order of things. Egypt was a sick country."

Sadat's revolutionary course was interrupted by World War II. Fanatically



anti-British, the young officer plotted with the Germans. When he was caught, he was cashiered from the army and spent more than two years in prison for spying. While there he learned to read and speak English and German and read French and Persian. After the war, Nasser helped him get his commission back.

Sadat was the firebrand of the young officers' group that gathered around Nasser. His most spectacular idea was a plot to blow up the British embassy. Nasser talked him out of that. "I was always eager to step up the pace. But Gamal, a man of deliberation, acted as a restraining influence," Sadat once wrote. On the night of July 23, 1952, when the planners decided to move against King Farouk's corrupt regime,

the prayer mat, Sadat was later made secretary-general of the Islamic Congress, an organization of Islamic nations. Because he was an avid Ping Pong player, he was named chairman of the African Union for Table Tennis.

In 1966, as president of Egypt's National Assembly, Sadat made his only trip to the U.S. He studied the operations of Congress, marveled over the extensive staffs that served its committees, and met Lyndon Johnson. He toured California and visited Disneyland. In New York, Sadat poked through secondhand bookshops until he had a copy of every book written by his favorite author, Lloyd C. Douglas (*The Robe*). Sadat had discovered Douglas' books while he was in prison, he explained, and he liked them because "he has tre-

town, which had belonged to Farouk. He also holds occasional meetings in a suite of the new Cairo-Sheraton Hotel, a 23-story building that is now the tallest in Cairo. Nasser was a restless ball of energy who could work a 20-hour day. Sadat works at a less frenetic pace. He pretends to spend as much time as possible with his half Egyptian, half British second wife, Gehan, their three daughters and their son Gamal, 14, as well as with Sadat's two collies, Lassie and Whip. There are also three other daughters, all in their 20s and married to army officers. They are Sadat's children by his first wife; he is still legally married to her, as is permitted in Islam: she still lives in the delta.

Sadat is rarely without a pipe, and enjoys an occasional glass of wine, preferably an Egyptian red called Omar Khayyam. He is a snappy dresser who favors tasseled loafers, elegant blazers and expensive British-styled suits. When he goes back to Mit Abu al Kom, though, Sadat on occasion likes to change from city clothes into the comfortable flowing galabia, the cotton peasant garment that looks like a nightshirt.

Goodies on a Tray

For all his elegance and sophistication, Sadat often uses peasant imagery. Recently he compared the actions of Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin during Nasser's funeral to the behavior of the people of his native village. "We are farmers," he said, "and when one of us goes to express condolences, he takes along a tray of food for the house of the deceased out of courtesy. So the Soviet Union came with their tray to the funeral of Gamal." The Russian tray, however, was scarcely filled with food. After post-funeral discussions with Sadat, the Russians accelerated their shipments of military supplies to Egypt. This year, up to 150 MIG-21s have been delivered by sea along with added missiles, radar systems and tanks.

The Russians have also brought in some of their newest equipment: Mach 2.5 twin-jet interceptors called the SU-11, which are not believed to be operational even in the Soviet air force, and the lethal Mach 3 MIG-23 "Foxbat," which can easily outclimb the Phantoms of the Israeli air force.

These Soviet planes, seven of which are believed to be at the vast, Soviet-controlled military complex at Cairo West, have not been seen in operation yet by the Warsaw Pact nations. "The only conclusion you can come to," says a Western military expert, "is that the aircraft is here for test purposes."

With at least 15,000 Soviet military personnel now in Egypt and most of the country's cotton crop earmarked for Russia in payment for aid, Sadat could have a difficult time escaping the bear's hug. Nonetheless, he considers the newly arrived planes, tanks, guns and missiles to be essential elements in a defensive line, established with Russian advice, that runs all the way along



SADAT WITH FAMILY AT THEIR GIZA HOME (WIFE GEHAN THIRD FROM RIGHT)

Credible diplomacy means unchallenged authority.

Sadat was nowhere to be found; he had gone to a movie in Cairo with his wife Gehan. Eventually he received a message from Nasser, threw on his uniform and arrived in time to make the radio announcement of the successful coup. Later, Sadat was assigned the task of supervising King Farouk's departure into exile aboard his royal yacht *Mahroussa*. Watching the scene from the bridge of an Egyptian navy destroyer, Sadat was so overcome with emotion that he had to be carried ashore by sailors. Years later, in a similar surge of emotion, he collapsed in tears over Nasser's coffin.

In spite of his key role in the revolution, Sadat was never trusted with a really sensitive job. At one point he was named editor of the party newspaper *Al Gomhouriya*, and he filled it with tirades against U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and the "Teflonous and stupid horde" of British and French government figures. A devout Moslem who prays so often and so intensely that he has developed a mark on his forehead where it touches

menodous power and he gives faith and confidence."

Sadat's loyalty to Nasser was unquestionable, and it finally paid off. One gray December morning in 1969, Nasser summoned Sadat to his home in the Cairo suburb of Manshiet al Bakri. He was preparing to go to an Arab summit in Rabat, and he had spent all night reading intelligence estimates about a supposed assassination plot against him. Nasser figured that he ought to have a Vice President and swore Sadat in on the spot. Less than ten months later, the man who had announced the success of Nasser's 1952 revolution was called upon to tell the Egyptian people that their beloved *El Rais* (The Boss) was dead. Shortly afterward, Sadat was sworn in as the third President in Egypt's history.

Pictures of Nasser continue to hang in Egypt's public buildings. Sadat soon began to develop his own style, however. Nasser had worked only in the Kubbah Republican Palace on the outskirts of Cairo; Sadat also opened up the older, ornate Abdine Palace down-

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the Egyptian side of the Suez Canal and up the Nile Valley.

As far as Sadat is concerned, this formidable line allows him to negotiate with Israel on an even basis, but does not put him in bondage to Moscow. "To the extent that the Soviets are nervous about his dialogue with the U.S.," said an American official last week, "he is telling them to go to hell, that he is running his own government. But he has put himself out on a limb by expressing faith in American advice that the only way to recover the lost territories is to negotiate. If that doesn't

work, his enemies will hold him to his words."

Sadat is not the only one out on a limb. It is possible that the middleman in the current diplomatic exercise—the U.S.—and the two antagonists could all emerge feeling ill-used. The U.S. appears increasingly convinced that the Israelis have grown too rigid, as indeed they have. The Israelis feel that the Americans, particularly Rogers and his State Department, are so anxious to restore U.S. influence in the Arab world that they are willing to impose unacceptable risks on Israel. Golda Meir's

government maintains that its policy of tenacity will compel the Arabs to come around eventually if only the U.S. and other major powers would quit meddling. "For God's sake," pleads a top Israeli diplomat, "let us bargain with the Egyptians. Don't force us into things."

The Egyptians, meanwhile, believe that unless the U.S. forces certain terms upon the Israelis, nobody will. They argue that Washington could accomplish this simply by cutting off its arms aid to the Israelis. "The power to give," says one Egyptian official, "is the power to withhold." The U.S. has sought,

The Suez Canal: Beer and Boredom

NO one knows how many unexploded bombs and shells lie beneath the azure waters of the Suez Canal to threaten dredging operations—even if the Egyptians and Israelis should come to terms on reopening the waterway. The known obstacles, however, are relatively few: the sister passenger steamers *Mecca* and *Ismailia*, scuttled on orders of Egypt's late President Nasser at the start of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war; part of a pontoon bridge; two small tugs sunk downstream from the city of Ismailia; and the wreckage of a barge twelve miles north of Suez. The Egyptians calculate that they could reopen the 103-mile canal in four to six months

So is the American freighter *Observer*, isolated further upstream. The British ships were abandoned last year after London underwriters paid out a total of \$24 million in claims. The skeleton crews who remain aboard the other trapped ships pass three-month hitches in stupefying heat and boredom, which they combat with lifeboat races, movies and an unending supply of beer. All 15 ships are in reasonably good condition and could either sail or be towed out.

Restoring the once bustling commercial life along the western bank of the canal would be another matter. The city of Suez, once home to 268,000 peo-

stant watch on each other. The Israelis have built observation towers above the bunkers. The Egyptians occasionally drive a fire truck up to the canal, extend the ladder and clamber up to take a look at the Israeli side.

The canal will probably never regain the vital position of strategic and commercial pre-eminence that it once had. Shippers—and particularly oil companies—have learned to live without it, chiefly through the use of huge supertankers, which can bring oil from the Persian Gulf to Europe around the Cape of Good Hope more cheaply than the smaller tankers that used to ply the canal. The Trans-Israel Pipeline now transports 19 million tons of oil a year, from Elat to Ashkelon. Egypt, with French and Italian aid, will begin building its own \$210 million pipeline from Port Suez to Alexandria this summer.

The price of living without the canal has come high. The longer voyages around Africa have created a world shipping shortage, vastly inflating charter rates. Some economists estimate that closure has cost consumers in Europe, Japan, and to a lesser extent the U.S., up to \$1 billion a year.

Despite the advent of supertankers, nearly 90% of the world's ships could use the canal if it were to reopen. Even at the prewar depth of 38 ft., vessels of up to 125,000 tons can traverse the waterway in ballast, cutting off twelve days on the round trip between Europe and the Persian Gulf.

Egypt's Suez Canal Authority intends to deepen the canal to 40 ft. within a year after it is reopened. The authority also has ready a plan for enlarging the canal to accommodate larger ships. Estimated cost: up to \$600 million. Against that could be placed the increased revenue from tolls. Even in 1966, the last full year of operation, revenues totaled \$220 million. A deeper, wider canal could eventually bring Cairo as much as \$1 billion a year. Even so, it would require a solid peace agreement between Arabs and Israelis to make the investment worthwhile.

TRAPPED VESSELS IN GREAT BITTER LAKE

at a cost of \$40 million. The Israelis believe that the job might well take upwards of a year and perhaps \$250 million—though they include permanent repairs that Cairo does not.

Dredging would not be much of a problem. The silting normally caused by the propellers of passing ships has been considerably slowed, since hardly anything has moved on the canal in nearly four years. The 14 vessels trapped in Great Bitter Lake when the shooting started—four of them British, two Swedish, two West German, two Polish, one American, one French, one Bulgarian and one Czechoslovak—are still there.

ple, now has 10,000. In Ismailia, nearly every building has been shattered by bombs or pocked by shell holes, and the city's 100,000 former citizens have joined 400,000 other onetime canal-side residents as squatters in Cairo and Alexandria. Port Tewfik, at the southern end, needs virtually to be rebuilt. Aside from a few peasants tilling the land, the only population on the Egyptian side is military, including as many as seven divisions of infantry. On the eastern bank, the Israelis are deeply entrenched in shellproof bunkers on the 95-mile Bar-Lev Line. Across the 200 yards of canal, the two sides keep con-

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albeit unsuccessfully, to persuade Cairo that its influence over Israel falls far short of outright control. Moreover, Washington fears that to cut off Israel's last external source of weaponry would only reduce Egypt's incentive to negotiate seriously with Israel, directly or otherwise. There is also the internal U.S. situation to consider: last year no fewer than 81 of the 100 members of the Senate demanded that Washington ship the Israelis all of the Phantom jets they had requested.

On the homeward leg of Rogers' hectic tour, TIME Correspondent Herman Nickel, who accompanied the Secretary of State, concluded that the trip had accomplished much. U.S. spokesmen felt that they had persuaded both sides that it was essential to keep talking peace to achieve peace. Cabled Nickel: "Rogers succeeded in putting official U.S.-Israeli relations on a more businesslike, less sentimental and chummy basis. This required considerable firmness. Certainly Rogers had his priorities right. Given the solid state of the U.S.-Israeli relationship and the tender young reed of a new American relationship with the Arabs, Arab sensibilities were more important than Israeli sensibilities."

Absolute Insecurity

To a great extent, Egypt's Sadat has made diplomatic profit out of an Israeli attitude that appears unreasonable. The Israelis seem to believe that they can have both peace and substantial changes in the pre-1967 map. Yet this may well prove a delusion. White House National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger once noted that absolute security for one power means absolute insecurity for its neighbors. Thus even if Israel were to get the geographically secure boundaries on which it insists, it might merely succeed in increasing instability.

It is not difficult to understand why a people who have had to struggle for sheer survival throughout their existence should be loath to take even the most minimal risks with their security. During his Jordan-sponsored tour of the Golan Heights, Rogers turned to his lieutenant, Joe Sisco, and remarked that it was easy to see how the Israelis could

be so concerned about security in such terrain. But Rogers also took pains to note that he could understand, too, how the Arabs felt when looking at land that once was theirs.

Drowning Men

That is the very heart of the problem. Israeli-born Journalist Amos Elon, in his just-published book *The Israelis: Founders and Sons*, writes that repeated pogroms in Europe, climaxed by the Nazi holocaust, "imbued the Zionist settlers with the relentless drive of drowning men who force their way on to a life raft large enough to hold both them and those who were already on it." Yet the life raft did not prove quite roomy enough. "By a brutal twist of fate, unexpected, undesired, unconsidered by the early pioneers," adds Elon, the price of establishing a Jewish homeland "was partly paid by the Arab inhabitants of Palestine. The Arabs bore no responsibility for the centuries-long suffering of Jews in Europe; yet in the end, the Arabs were punished because of it. Whatever [the Arabs'] subsequent follies and outrages might be, [their] punishment for the sins of Europe must burden the conscience of Israelis for a long time to come."

Such feelings have affected not only Israelis, but also their sympathizers elsewhere. This, in turn, has made it considerably easier for Sadat to make headway with his diplomatic initiatives. But what is the real goal of those initiatives? Genuine peace—or merely the restoration of Egyptian territory and later on an attempt to destroy Israel?

The Israelis themselves are extremely uncertain, and accordingly uneasy about the answers to those riddles. In Washington, a U.S. official wonders whether Sadat is not being more shrewd than moderate. Recalling Sadat's youthful reputation as a firebrand, the official mused: "You can't shed all

your ideas, beliefs, and habits of thinking overnight." British Arabist Desmond Stewart, author of the recently published *The Middle East: Temple of Janus*, says: "Where Nasser was a pacifist who spoke in bellicose terms, Sadat is a bellicose man who talks in pacific terms." Sadat's performance up to now as President, however, has persuaded even some Israelis to give him the benefit of the doubt. Said Defense Minister Moshe Dayan last month: "Sadat has spoken with sincerity and without guile."

In the Middle East, political prospects are always hazardous to predict. Nonetheless, cabled TIME Correspondent Gavyn Scott from Cairo: "As long as diplomacy remains credible to Egyptians, Sadat's authority will remain unchallenged. His turn to the West, balanced by effusive Mas Day thanks to the Kremlin and motions toward Arab federation, is highly popular. Educated Egyptians have no taste for falling under the political influence of Moscow. Tentative as they are, the signs of *rapprochement* with Washington are gratifying." Now it remains to be seen whether Sadat will give Washington comparable cause for gratification by sincerely pressing the pursuit of peace.

SADAT VISITING THE SUEZ FRONT



MEETING PLUTO, GOOFEY & MICKEY MOUSE AT DISNEYLAND IN 1966



PRAYING AT A MOSQUE IN MIT ABU AL KOM



EAST GERMANY

The Disciple Departs

If Lenin has become a kind of Communist Christ, Walter Ulbricht, 77, is the self-appointed St. Peter. The oldest and most durable of the Soviet bloc party leaders, Ulbricht alone can lace his speeches with references to what he personally heard Lenin say, and he has used his disciple status to lecture the Soviets and East Europeans interminably on the need for political orthodoxy and extreme caution in dealing with the West. Last week Walter Ulbricht lost the bedrock of his power, the leadership of the East German Communist Party, which he helped found in 1946 and has headed since 1950.

To the assembled 131-member East German Central Committee Ulbricht explained that he was retaining his seat in the Politburo and his post as chief of state, which may now become largely ceremonial. But for reasons of health, Ulbricht continued, he was giving up the position of party first secretary. As

his replacement, Ulbricht named the party's longtime No. 2 man, Erich Honecker (see box). Willi Stoph, 56, who has been Honecker's rival, remains premier in charge of government affairs. "To be honest, the decision did not come easily," said Ulbricht of his retirement. "Unfortunately," he added, "no cure has been invented for old age."

Soviet Nudge. East Germans took the news calmly. Other Eastern Europeans, who blame Ulbricht for frustrating their desires for closer economic and cultural ties with the West, were delighted. Some Western analysts argue that he was pressured by the Soviets into moving aside. According to that line of reasoning, Moscow grew weary of Ulbricht's obstructionist tactics, which hampered Soviet attempts to capitalize on Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* in order to secure Russia's western flank. Wolfgang Leonhard, a visiting professor at Yale and former ranking East German ideologue, who knows both Ulbricht and Honecker, leans toward the theory that old "Spitzbart" (meaning

pointed beard) was nudged. Leonhard, a former aide of Ulbricht's, notes that the Soviet press has recently slighted Ulbricht to an astonishing degree. An article on the 25th anniversary of the founding of the East German party in *Kommunist*, the leading Soviet ideological journal, totally ignored Ulbricht's role in establishing the party. At the same time, the Soviet press has recently given great prominence to Honecker's speeches.

Hard-Line Successor. Though a measure of impatience in Moscow was most likely a factor in Ulbricht's exit, many analysts attributed his resignation chiefly to ill health. Ulbricht is an ardent health faddist who used to do rigorous daily exercises and still quaffs great quantities of a carrot-colored health drink. But for some time he has been unable to put in a full ten-hour day at his desk. He departed more gracefully than any East bloc party boss so far. He was able to hand-pick a successor whose views are as hard-line as his own.

In his first speech as the new party

The Russians' New Man in East Berlin

WHEN Soviet troops swept into Berlin in 1945, they battered down the doors of the Brandenburg Prison. Among the prisoners freed was Erich Honecker, a tall, gaunt Communist who had spent most of the past ten years in solitary confinement. Upon his release, Honecker lost no time in joining the Ulbricht Group, a band of Moscow-trained Communists who had been flown to Germany by the Russians to organize a government.

Honecker's record obviously impressed Walter Ulbricht, who had met the young man briefly in Paris in the 1930s. The son of an impoverished Saar miner who was also a dedicated Communist, young Honecker was handing out political pamphlets at eight and was a full-fledged party member at 18. Two years after the Nazis came to power in 1933, he was arrested and later sentenced to ten years in prison for preparing to commit high treason.

Ulbricht put Honecker to work organizing young East Germans into the Communist-run Free German Youth. Honecker built a movement that embraced every young person from age 14. He also gave it a paramilitary character by introducing flying, parachuting and weapons practice, much like the Hitler Youth.

Shortly after the war, Honecker married Edith Baumann, an old-line Communist official, three years his senior. In 1953, he divorced her and took as his wife Margot Feist, then 20, a beautiful and talented youth leader from Halle. Appointed Minister of Education in

1963, she helped turn East Germany's schools into model institutions; many West Germans readily concede that education is one area where the Communist half of Germany has outperformed their own part of the country. There is talk that she may be elevated to the Politburo when the Party Congress meets in June, and even cynics grant that



ULBRICHT

HONECKER

the promotion would be well deserved.

In 1957, Honecker supported Ulbricht against critics who had sought intellectual and cultural freedom in the wake of Nikita Khrushchev's destalinization campaign. As a reward, Honecker was named to full Politburo membership and given the country's second most important post: Central Committee Secretary in charge of the armed forces and internal security. In 1961, he supervised the building of the Wall.

Honecker proved a dutiful deputy to Ulbricht, affecting the same wide-brimmed Panama hats and gray suits that are the old man's trademarks. Politically, Honecker, now 58, is, if anything, even more doctrinaire and rigid than Ulbricht. "Honecker is a stubborn dogmatist," says Werner Baum, a former East German official who defected two years ago. The years of solitary confinement left their mark on Honecker, an obsessively neat man who wears heavy horn-rimmed spectacles and is known as "Granite Face" among East Europeans. "If he were not so utterly dedicated to orthodoxy, one could say he was totally passionless," says one Communist diplomat. "He is fussy to the point of absurdity," reports another. Before his aides dust his desk, they make a diagram showing precisely where everything is placed. After dusting, everything is returned to its proper spot.

As the country's former top cop, Honecker enjoys strong support from the East German security services—and from the Soviets, who maintain 20 combat-ready divisions in East Germany. The Russians, in fact, call him "*nash chelovyek*" (our man). Honecker's only known diversion is hunting, which he does alone. He lives outside Berlin in a villa in the heavily guarded government complex at Wandlitz with Margot and their teen-age son. A Communist diplomat who has visited the Honecker home describes it as "spotless, functional, unimaginative and stiff—just like Honecker."

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**Coming
Through.**

leader. Honecker stressed the necessity of "completely shielding" East Germany from contacts with the West. He also called on Bonn to ratify the renunciation-of-force agreements with the Soviet Union and Poland without waiting for the successful conclusion of the current Big Four talks about improving the status of isolated West Berlin. Brandt refuses to submit the Moscow and Warsaw treaties to the Bundestag until the allied custodians of Berlin—Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the U.S.—guarantee the untrammelled passage of people and goods between West Berlin and West Germany.

Ulbricht and the Russians want West Germany to negotiate directly with East Germany over access to the divided city on the grounds that the autobahns, barge canals and rail lines cross East German territory. But the three Western powers insist that before the two Germans talk about modalities of access, the Russians

exploded in revolts. In 1961, after more than 3,600,000 East Germans had fled Ulbricht's fiefdom, he built the Wall that cut off the escape route for his remaining 17 million people.

A decade later, it still remains—an ugly, 25-mile scar across the face of Berlin. But the Wall stanching the drain of talented people, enabled him to stabilize and develop East Germany into the world's ninth largest industrial power, with a gross national income of \$29.5 billion. That, in turn, gave Ulbricht great leverage within the East bloc. He shared none of the Soviet desire for technological help from the West; he has access to West German aid and anyhow through various trade arrangements. Ulbricht's consuming fear was that closer ties with the West could undermine Communist rule in Eastern Europe. Now that he has stepped aside, that message may be preached with less apostolic force.

YUGOSLAVIA

Working Against Time

When Yugoslavia's President Tito entered Sarajevo's magnificent new cultural and sports center last week, the 2,300 delegates to an economic conference cheered wildly and gave him a standing ovation. Then, as he strode to the rostrum beneath portraits of Marx, Engels, Lenin and himself, the throng broke into the wartime song of the Yugoslav partisans. "Comrade Tito, we give you our word, we shall follow you."

But will they follow anybody else? Tito, who will be 79 on May 25, is given full credit for making Yugoslavia the most democratic of all the Communist states as well as the one with the highest standard of living. Almost all Yugoslavs still support the system of "self-management" that Tito introduced 21 years ago, rejecting Soviet-style planning and central control in favor of economic decentralization, which makes managers of factories directly responsible to the workers.

Into the Open, Tito, however, may well be the only man who can command the allegiance of the disparate peoples of Yugoslavia's six republics and two autonomous provinces. A Croat in a country dominated numerically by Serbs, Tito has been trying for decades to groom a suitable successor. His first candidate, Milovan Djilas, wound up in jail after criticizing some of Tito's methods in the 1950s; his second, Aleksander Rankovic, was banished from the party in 1966 when he opposed Tito's policies of decentralization and liberalization. Both men are free today and live comfortably in Belgrade.

Last fall, the aging Tito faced up to the fact that something would have to be done soon. "We have entered a stage now where we have no time," he told a party meeting in Zagreb. "Time works not for us but against us." To solve the problem of the succession, he proposed the creation of a collective presidency

made up of two or three leaders elected by the assemblies of each republic and one or two by each province. Ironically, the national debate over Tito's proposals merely brought the country's separatist tendencies into the open.

Deep Resentments. To stem the discontent, Tito began stumping the country and threatened a party purge and "administrative measures"—a Communist euphemism meaning summary police action—for enemies of the federal system. Two weeks ago, he summoned party leaders to his Brioni Island retreat in the Adriatic Sea and scheduled a special party conference to convene this summer. Last week he stepped up his warnings against "those who cannot be convinced," including "some generals who sit around the cafés," "megalo-maniacs who want to become President," and intellectuals who have opposed his recent proposals.

Few nations are as vulnerable to in-

REPORT



ULBRICHT IN SOVIET UNIFORM (1942)
His rock was the Wall.

must sign an agreement that would be binding on the East Germans. This is one of the central issues that have snarled progress toward a relaxation of tensions in central Europe.

Ugly Scar. Ulbricht took a poor, unstable part of Germany and turned it into a relatively prosperous, tightly ruled state. Having spent World War II in Russia, he and a handful of aides, including Leonhard, were flown to Berlin during the last days of the war as part of a Soviet plan to impose Communism on defeated Germany. Ulbricht succeeded only in that area where Soviet troops could enforce his orders. Even then, the East Germans in 1953 staged the East bloc's first abortive rebellion. In 1956, as the Soviet bloc was swept by the wave of destalinization, Ulbricht stubbornly refused to relax even slightly his rigid, autocratic rule. His decision proved correct, from a Communist viewpoint, when Hungary and Poland



PRESIDENT TITO
In search of a successor.

terral division as Yugoslavia. Two of its republics, Slovenia and Croatia, were once linked to the Habsburg empire and developed as part of the West; the others stagnated for centuries under Turkish rule. The cultured Slovenes have neither language nor heritage in common with the illiterate Montenegrins. The independent, expansionist Serbs have dreamed of a true nation of Yugoslavs (literally "southern Slavs"). They formed the backbone of the wartime resistance; to this day, they accuse the Croats of having collaborated with the Germans. Resentments run so deep that the Yugoslavs have never chosen a national anthem.

Unbelievable Pressure. Tito's task of maintaining unity while solving the problem of succession is made even more difficult by the fact that the economy is in bad shape because the Yugoslavs have been living beyond their means. Despite a 15% devaluation of the dinar last fall, Yugoslavia's trade deficit rose

62% in the first quarter of the year, while retail prices soared 12% and the cost of living 13%.

Two weeks ago, Tito warned his countrymen that foreign agents (meaning primarily Soviet secret police) had been exerting "unbelievable pressure" on the government. "We should allow no sixth column to penetrate our country," he said. It is possible, of course, that he had chosen to fight the drift toward separatism by raising the specter of Soviet troublemaking. But there is no doubt that the Soviets would like to see Yugoslavia disintegrate. If Tito manages to arrange a genuine succession, he will have made another great stride toward achieving a reasonably democratic Marxist society. If he fails, Yugoslavia could splinter under the weight of separatist feeling and Soviet meddling.

LUXEMBOURG

Tax Vobiscum

The six Common Market countries have had no end of trouble reaching tariff agreements on such disparate items as German beer, French mayonnaise and Italian spaghetti. Now a totally unexpected commodity is at issue. In Strasbourg last week, the fledgling European Parliament formally agreed to consider a question raised by a Belgian Socialist Deputy named Ernest Glinne. The Market, Glinne demands, should stand out once and for all "where we spend when the remains of cremated human beings are transported from one member state to another."

Glinne's ire is focused on the case of tiny, traditionally Catholic Luxembourg. Because of historic church opposition to cremation, Luxembourg has no crematoriums of its own. Until mid-1968, when the Six abolished international customs and substituted a complex system of "taxes on value added" (T.V.A.), this was no great problem; when a Luxembourgish citizen who believed in cremation died, his family would simply have him taken across the French border to Strasbourg. But under T.V.A., French tax collectors consider cremation a taxable "service rendered to a private person." As a result, they now dun beleaved Luxembourgishers for 17% of the Strasbourg crematorium's fee—the "value added" to the deceased. On their way home with the ashes, the mourners get hit again, this time by Luxembourg officials who demand payment of another 8% tax for "work entrusted to a foreign company, with reimportation of the finished product."

In raising the cremation issue, Protester Glinne is trying to get action on the egregious tax inequities that exist among the Six. But so far, the main effect of his campaign has been to stir new doubts about Common Market membership in Britain, where cremation is common. Britons already consider themselves too heavily taxed on their income to be expected to cough up for what they turn as well.

Disarmament: SALT Up to Date

ACROSS broad conference tables in Helsinki and Vienna, U.S. and Soviet negotiators have faced each other 68 times since the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks began 18 months ago. Last week the two sides permitted themselves a change of scene. As guests of the Austrian government, 146 delegates and wives set out from Vienna for a spring weekend in the historic province of Carinthia aboard a special train complete with private compartments, dining cars and a dance band.

Superficially, at least, the most important disarmament negotiations in history have come to resemble that eight-hour round-trip train ride: they have covered a lot of ground without really seeming to get very far. Though the talks began with hopeful signals, the only thing the two sides have definitely agreed on to date is the need to improve the Washington-Moscow hot line to enable officials to

nuclear delivery systems (land-based ICBMs, submarine-carried missiles, airborne bombs) that either side would be allowed to maintain. The suggested ceiling: 1,900. There would also be a "sub-limit" prohibiting the Soviets from assembling more than, say, 250 missiles in the size range of the huge SS-9, whose 25-megaton warheads can wipe out U.S. ICBMs even in the hardest sites. As part of the total U.S. package, the American delegation last year proposed that ABM systems be either banned outright or limited to the defense of Moscow and Washington.

Last month the Soviets countered the U.S. proposal with a draft treaty dealing only with ABMs. Moscow's idea was to confine the ABMs to the vicinity of the two countries' capitals, limiting each network to about 100 missiles. The Soviets had a pretty good idea, however, that the U.S. would reject the treat-

ILLUSTRATION BY DENVER POST



"Do me a favor—help me drop it!"

find out quickly whether an unidentified missile has been fired accidentally by the other superpower—or deliberately by China. Reflecting concern about the future of the talks, the coolly patient U.S. chief negotiator, Gerard C. Smith, will fly to Washington this week for White House-level consultations on where SALT goes next.

Pretty Good Idea. The chief worry is that if there is no progress, the rough equilibrium in nuclear weapons that now exists between the U.S. and the Soviet Union will eventually be upset. Already, both sides have started running the next lap in the arms race: the U.S. has begun deploying Hydraheaded, almost unstoppable MIRV (for multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicle) missiles in the Minuteman 3 and Poseidon submarine programs, and the Soviets may be on the verge of fitting their giant SS-9 missiles with multiple warheads.

The basic U.S. proposal at the talks is for a flat limit on the number of

ty: President Nixon had said in February that the U.S. believed that any satisfactory SALT agreement should cover offensive as well as defensive weapons. The Soviets have made another demand that Washington considers totally unacceptable. They want all nuclear weapons systems capable of reaching Soviet soil—including the 600 U.S. tactical aircraft on NATO bases in Europe and aboard Sixth Fleet carriers—written into any SALT agreement on offensive weapons. Yet they refuse to concede that intermediate-range Soviet missiles capable of hitting Western Europe should also be limited.

Bargaining Chip. The White House insists, for several reasons, on considering the whole mix of offensive and defensive weapons simultaneously. For one thing, many U.S. disarmament experts warn that the Soviets, by improving the radar and rocketry in the SA-5 surface-to-air missiles now located around Russia's western cities, could upgrade that

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anti-aircraft system into an instant ABM network. More important is the argument that an ABM-only agreement would squander a bargaining chip. That chip is the U.S.'s Safeguard ABM, now under construction at Air Force bases in North Dakota, Montana and Missouri, which could be useful in getting the Russians to agree on a limit to their SS-9s.

Moreover, if an ABM-only treaty were signed, many U.S. experts believe, the Russians might never come back to the bargaining table. Having stripped U.S. ICBM sites of their ABM protection, the argument goes, the Russians would proceed full blast with deployment of the SS-9 and even bigger missiles. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird recently reported that an "apparently expensive" new Soviet ICBM construction program is already in progress in south-central Russia.

Hard-liners in the Administration are convinced that the Soviets developed the SS-9 for one purpose: to enable the U.S.S.R. to knock out U.S. missiles in their silos, thus giving Moscow a clear first-strike capability without fear of a devastating retaliatory strike. They maintain that the Soviets see SALT not as a way to cut down a bloated defense budget but as a means to achieve demonstrable superiority over the U.S. The kind of superiority the Russians may be trying to engineer, argues Columbia University Sovietologist Zbigniew Brzezinski, would be aimed not at winning wars so much as at prevailing in more subtle psychological showdowns, like the Cuban missile confrontation that so deeply humiliated Nikita Khrushchev in 1962.

Soviet hard-liners, however, could make a comparable case. They could argue that Safeguard, which was rammed through Congress just before SALT began, may be the first step in a "heavy" system designed to make American cities safe from Soviet attack, thus

opening the way for a U.S. first strike against Russia. The Russians are also distressed by the fact that even as the SALT talks have dragged on, the Pentagon has been pushing for stepped-up development of bigger and better strategic weapons. Meanwhile, the Air Force has deployed its first squadron of 50 Minuteman 3 missiles at Minot Air Force Base, N. Dak., and the Navy has sent on patrol a Poseidon-equipped submarine with 16 MIRV missiles carrying ten to twelve warheads apiece.

Missile Moratorium. Ironically, such developments have tended to weaken the Administration's already questionable case for refusing to consider the Soviet ABM-only proposal. Missouri Democrat Stuart Symington points out that Washington's stubbornness on the ABM raises suspicions about whether the U.S. ultimately wants a SALT agreement. More fundamentally, many respected disarmament experts, including Herbert F. York and Herbert Scoville Jr., argue that an initial ABM agreement would achieve an important break in the so-called "action-reaction" cycle that keeps the arms race in motion. Even if the basest motives attributed to the Soviets are correct, they argue, the U.S.'s formidable sub-launched-missile capacity alone could serve as a credible deterrent to a Soviet attack for the next decade at least.

Overall, the U.S. has a comfortable lead in strategic nuclear warheads of all kinds (5,130 v. 2,280 for the Soviets). In missile technology, the U.S. is about a year and a half ahead of Russia. While curbing the big Soviet ICBMs is still the primary Administration concern, Negotiator Smith and White House planners will be discussing a number of new proposals aimed at getting SALT moving. One of them is a ban on ABM deployment for perhaps a two-year period, during which the SALT I talks would be free to tackle the question of offensive weapons.

A possible variation would be for the U.S. to sign an ABM treaty, with the understanding that it would not be sent to the Senate for ratification until the Soviets agreed to a treaty on other weapons. Then again, some Administration SALT strategists favor something along the lines of Washington Democrat Henry M. Jackson's proposal for an experimental one-year moratorium on deployment of Minuteman 3s in the U.S., of new ICBMs of any kind in Russia and of ABMs around population centers in both countries. During the moratorium, the two sides would work toward a formal SALT treaty.

Whatever tack the U.S. decides upon, SALT I does not have forever to show results. U.S. experts point out that 18 to 24 months from now the Administration will be under pressure to decide whether or not to go ahead with the undersea long-range missile systems (ULMS) and the B-1 supersonic bomber. Unless a SALT I agreement is reached, still another lap in the arms race is almost sure to begin.

CAMBODIA

The Man Behind the Symbol

For almost 30 years, flamboyant Prince Norodom Sihanouk was revered as a "god-king" by what he called his "7,000,000 little Buddhas." Now it seems as if the same role has fallen, unbidden, upon ascetic Premier Lon Nol. Soon after he resigned last month, still semiparalyzed in the wake of a near-fatal stroke, it became obvious that no one could even come close to forming an acceptable government without his mystically legitimizing presence. So last week, Cambodia resolved its 18-day government crisis by keeping Lon Nol on as a purely symbolic premier.

The real rule of the country falls to a "Premier-Delegate." He is Sisowath Sirik Matak, 57, the shrewd and ambitious administrator who had been virtually running Cambodia anyway as Vice Premier and Lon Nol's closest confidant. Sirik Matak is not only a cousin but also an old foe of Sihanouk, and he is widely assumed to have been the chief architect of the plot that ousted the prince 15 months ago.

Sirik Matak promised that he and his new 14-man Cabinet would work vigorously to win the war, produce a new constitution and right various wrongs in Cambodia's economy, courts, transportation and supply systems. He then asked the National Assembly to "honor us with its confidence by granting us full power." They did by a vote of 50-6.

Sirik Matak's zeal may eventually cause trouble in a country that reveres Buddha, not St. George. But his decisive style pleases Westerners, particularly the U.S. embassy officials who have already funneled \$252.5 million in military and economic aid into the embattled country.



SIRIK MATAK
More St. George than Buddha.

The Island of Not Having

*Ship me somewhere east of Suez,
where the best is like the worst.
Where there aren't no Ten Command-
ments an' a man can raise a thirst.*

—Rudyard Kipling, *Mandalay*

THE sun still never quite sets on the British Empire, though it is sinking ever lower on the horizon. Apart from Hong Kong, which remains a Gurkha-garrisoned crown colony, Britain is rapidly withdrawing its historic military presence from the Far East. The huge naval yard and three airbases in Singapore are being turned over to the local government; the Persian Gulf bases of Bahrain and Sharjah will be closed down well before the end of next year; and Aden has become a port of call for the Russian navy and a barracks for wayward Arab guerrillas.

Britain's withdrawal from the Far East

outpost of a vanishing empire, TIME Correspondent John Blashill recently visited Gan. His report:

Prince Philip, who passed through just before Easter, sized up the situation succinctly: "Obviously, you've all given up something for Lent." In Royal Air Force parlance, Gan is an "un-accompanied post"—the only one in the R.A.F.—and that means unaccompanied by wives or girl friends, because there is no room for them on the island. There are 650 men on Gan, but only one female, an Irish matron sent out by the Women's Royal Volunteer Service "to give the lads someone to tell their problems to." They would burn her ears off if they did.

The Malaysians from other islands who work on Gan understand; they call the base the "island of not having." The

ians on other islands from the shenanigans of off-duty airmen and shields London from charges of interference in local governmental affairs. More than 800 Malaysians work at the base, thereby earning a fifth of the country's total foreign exchange, but they cannot live there. Instead, they commute to work by boat. Those from distant islands sail across the lagoon in dhow-like craft called *buggalows*, a trip that can take four hours when the wind is wrong and the current strong. Most come from Fedu, a sliver of an island barely 200 yards to the west, rowing back and forth in small, sailless dhonis.

Gan was not even an afterthought of empire, but rather a byproduct of the empire's collapse. Its first military use was as a secret Royal Navy supply base (code-named Port T) during World War II. Abandoned after the war, it was resurrected in 1957 as a substitute for an R.A.F. staging base in Ceylon, which had come under political attack. It is a supposedly vital relay station in Britain's high-frequency military radio link, and is zeroed in on the Skynet military communications satellite. But Gan does not have attack capability. Its only missiles are small weather rockets, and the only plane usually on the island is an old Shackleton bomber standing by for search and rescue missions. For defense, Gan has a token supply of rifles and a few machine guns. As for the Russians, if they are anywhere around, Gan has never seen them, perhaps because it has no reconnaissance planes.

A radar, communications and weather station and a refueling base for R.A.F. planes on the London-Singapore run, Gan is little more than a runway in the middle of nowhere. It is so far out and so tiny it literally bristles with radio navigation aids to keep airplanes from missing it entirely.

Marathon Blast. Gan is not entirely without diversions. Its clear waters boil with bright tropical fish. Tuna can be caught from the pier, and fishing for shark and barracuda is superb. The island has a soccer field, golf course, assorted tennis and volleyball courts and no fewer than 21 bars. The specialty of the island is the "gozomic," a marathon blast that is thrown when anyone reaches the end of his nine-month tour and goes home. Over the five-day Christmas holiday, the men consumed 500 quarts of liquor, 12,500 bottles of beer and 2,000 pints of draft beer.

Nonetheless, morale is surprisingly high. Says the base's commanding officer, 42-year-old Wing Commander Bryan Gee: "Nobody's got special privileges here. We're all in the same boat." Even so, Gan is a post where service can be endured, but never prolonged. As Flight Lieut. Edward Rutaraja, the island's accounting officer, says of the island of not having: "I will be happy only when what I am not having is Gan. That should be two months, 17 days, six hours, 35 minutes and 21 seconds from right now."



OFF-DUTY AIRMEN ON GAN
"You've all given up something for Lent."

represents a reluctant political retreat for the Tory government of Prime Minister Edward Heath. He promised to re-study, if not reverse, the pullout east of Suez that was pledged by Labor's Harold Wilson in 1968. But the harsh imperatives of economics have forced Heath to adopt Wilson's policy—with one important change. A loosely knit, five-power "consultative defense arrangement" with Malaysia, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand is scheduled to come into effect by Jan. 1.

Britain will also keep three communications and refueling bases in the Indian Ocean, partly to keep watch over what Heath sees as a growing Russian threat in the Indian Ocean. They are among the loneliest, most remote spots on earth, and the loneliest of all is Gan, a dot of coral only 13 miles long in the Maldives, 700 miles southwest of Ceylon, 42 miles below the equator and 2,200 miles east of Africa. For a view of that farthest-flung

frustrations take many forms. "I 'aven't sowed me oats in nine months. I'm 22 years old, and at my age I need me oats," says one angry veteran of Gan. "I'll be married three months after I get off this island. I'm ripe for picking by the first bird who comes along." Others haunt the airport lounge in the hope that the next load of passengers in transit will include a girl they can talk to—or even just look at. Most flights passing through carry the R.A.F. equivalent of a stewardess, known technically as a loadmaster or quartermaster and to the men on Gan as "quartermatresses" or, simply "Q." Proof of conquest is almost impossible; the only man to provide it was a now legendary corporal who came down with gonorrhea and was carried in triumph to the base doctor on the shoulders of his peers.

Middle of Nowhere. Part of the problem is that under the terms of Britain's lease, the men are restricted to Gan. The arrangement protects the Maldiv-

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PEOPLE

"I think taxes should hurt," said California's Governor Ronald Reagan in 1966. What was hurting the Governor last week was not taxes, but the disclosure that he had not paid any state tax at all for 1970. When reporters first asked him about it, Reagan said that he could not remember his tax form. But the press obviously had been tipped off, and Reagan's office conceded that he had paid no 1970 state tax on his \$44,100 salary (now \$49,100). "Business reverses" were the reason, said Reagan. Asked about his federal taxes, Reagan said that he had received tax rebates for "the last couple of years." Adding that he had paid \$91,128 in state taxes during his five years as Governor, Reagan declared that he hoped to be back on a paying basis soon—"not that I enjoy paying taxes, but because I do not enjoy losing money."

Consider the sorry lot of Author Erich Segal (*Love Story*). Airlane stewardesses slip him their apartment keys; eager ladies really believe that love means not having to say you're sorry; TV headlines plead for personal appearances. "I'm going into hiding," the beleaguered bachelor told reporters last week. "I want to be alone. I'm so over-exposed it's unbelievable. My apartment is a fishbowl." Segal, 33, a classics professor at Yale, plans to take a leave of absence after this semester to devote himself to "scholarly research." Where? "I can't tell you, but wherever I go, it will be alone—I hope."

Love-and-marriage just ain't the horse-and-carriage it used to be. Sitting beside TV's David Frost at a Manhattan fund-raising dinner last week

his long-run steady, Actress-Singer Dianna Carroll, "Planning to get married?" someone asked. "No," Dianna batted back, "we don't believe in engagements—we believe in happiness."

Who do you think has sex appeal? asked London's *Sunday Times Magazine*, as it began a daisy chain of nominations with Supermodel Jean Shrimpton, 27. She picked Architect Buckminster Fuller, 75 ("I particularly like his geodesic domes"). Fuller picked Balerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, 51 ("I have been unable to divest myself of an awareness—not induced by others—that she is of the opposite sex"). And so on, to Rockster Mick Jagger, 27, and his surprise choice: Actor-Author Noel Coward, 71 (no reason given). Coward, too, had a bit of a surprise for his friends. "I should have liked to have chosen Mick Jagger," he said, "but now I've got to know and love Twiggy." Twiggy, 21, didn't pick anyone.



SARAH MILES
Surgery.

Plastic surgery is practically a branch of show business, but few showfolk talk about their operations on the Johnny Carson Show. British Actress Sarah Miles, however, didn't mind telling 7,200,000 viewers: "I had an ear job." Her ears, she said, "not only stuck out, but they had no shape at all. They used to flap in the wind." Miss Miles' now unflappable ears have given her considerable self-confidence. Asked whom she would choose to be alone with for six months, she said: "Hitler. If I had six months, I might be able to corrupt him into something of goodness."

The Countess Vera von Lehndorff is one of the world's towering beauties—she is the international model built for basketball and known as Veruschka. In Rome she went to the premiere of the film *Veruschka*, *Poetry of a Woman* with its writer-director, Franco Rubartelli. The movie, originally a token of their long great-and-good friendship,



RUBARTELLI & VERUSCHKA
Souvenir.

now seems to have become more of a souvenir. After the show was over, he left with another model and she with another friend.

The two hardhats digging up the earth next to Washington's National Gallery of Art last week were Chief Justice Warren Burger and Philanthropist Paul Mellon, who is giving the Government a new \$45 million annex to the gallery. Burger's ceremonial spadework was the more convincing—perhaps because of his youthful days as a day laborer working on the Robert Street bridge, which spans the Mississippi. That job also helped develop his judicial prudence. The contractor, he recalls, told him to use three bags less cement in the concrete when the inspectors were not looking. "I used the full amount all the time," says Burger, "but I hid the three extra empties to keep from getting caught. Maybe that is what has held the bridge up all these years."

The public address system at Cranwell, training center for Britain's Royal Air Force, crackled with a special announcement. A defect, the voice said, had been found in the heel design of shoes worn by R.A.F. cadets. All officers were requested to turn in their shoes at the porter's lodge for a check by the makers. Eventually, as the pile of used footwear mounted, suspicions were aroused, questions asked, gossip exchanged. Could the perpetrator of the hoax have been the heir to the British throne, now in training at Cranwell? Said a Buckingham Palace spokesman: "I'm afraid it was." The R.A.F. plans no disciplinary action against Prince Charles.



CARROLL & FROST
Steady.



OLD-STYLE MILL IN CHICAGO



THE NEW TEXAS WORKS

ENVIRONMENT

The Clean Machine

Most steel mills are heavy polluters of air and water. So the residents of Baytown, Texas, were understandably aghast when U.S. Steel acquired 15,000 acres for a new plant right next to Cedar Bayou, a valued local fish and wildlife refuge. Now the new plant, known as Texas Works, has been officially opened after six months of operation at one-third capacity. To the delight of all, it appears to be a model of enlightened industry—the first steel mill ever to make an effort to be clean clear through.

Texas Works has only two smokestacks, and these emit almost no smoke. The two giant 200-ton furnaces are fueled by a careful mixture of natural gas and air that is almost smokeless, and 25,000-h.p. fans blow the few exhaust fumes through a cooling water spray that removes all solid particles. The ultimate discharge from the stacks is made up of relatively equal parts of warm oxygen and carbon dioxide.

Biting Bass. Water pollution has been handled even more impressively. To cool and treat its steel, the plant needs 150 million gallons of water a day, which is roughly the same amount used daily by all of nearby Houston. To cut that volume, filtration and cooling systems recycle the water for re-use 15 different times. Thus only 10 million new gallons are actually needed each day.

Half of that is used to replace evaporated water; the other 5 million gallons are filtered, cooled and drained off into the bayou. But even that water, boasts Mill Superintendent Harry Spitz, is cleaner than when it first comes into the plant—50 parts per million of various undissolved solids v. 150 p.p.m. in the original water supply. Sludge is removed from the water daily, is treated with thickeners and used as landfill.

Such environmental care was not cheap. U.S. Steel says that at least 10% of the estimated \$100 million capital outlay for Texas Works went into pollution controls. To install such complete controls in older plants, the com-

pany adds, would be prohibitively expensive. Though local conservationists are pleased, they are waiting to see if full production and long-term activity cause unforeseen problems. Meanwhile, bass fishing is still good in the bayou, and U.S. Steel appears to have demonstrated that industry may no longer be able to say that it can't be done.

Blueprint for Breathing

The 1970 Clean Air Act was no mere piety. It ordered William Ruckelshaus, as head of the Environmental Protection Agency, to propose a set of national air-quality standards, and within 90 days to determine the final ones. Now Ruckelshaus has done just that, despite protests from the Automobile Manufacturers Association, which calls his rules "disproportionate to any demonstrated health and safety need."

The rules affect two main sources of air pollution:

AUTOS emit the bulk of carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons. Under the new rules, clean air now means a maximum nine parts of CO per million parts of air during an eight-hour period. Hydrocarbons are limited to .24 p.p.m. for a maximum of three hours.

INDUSTRY emits most sulfur oxides and particulates (soot, fly ash, heavy metals). Clean air now means a maximum 80 micrograms of sulfur oxides per cubic meter of air and 75 micrograms p.p.m. of particulates as an annual mean. Both sources emit about the same amounts of nitrogen oxides, which the rules now limit to .05 p.p.m. of air. Both also contribute to photochemical oxidants, which are formed by the action of sunlight on hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides. The new rules limit photochemical oxidants to .08 p.p.m. of air. All this could sharply reduce present levels of air pollution. CO levels in cities (now 25 to 40 p.p.m.), for example, would be lowered to nine p.p.m.


According to the law, the states have until 1972 to present plans for compliance, and if accepted by the EPA,

they have until 1975 to carry them out. Auto manufacturers have until 1975 to reduce 1970-level emissions by 90%. Last week they told Ruckelshaus that no matter how much Government pressure is exerted, Detroit will be unable to meet the 1975 deadline.

Among cities where sufficient data are available to make predictions, admits Ruckelshaus, only Cincinnati "could come close" to meeting the federal carbon monoxide deadline—providing automakers meet their own deadline. To reduce particulate and sulfur oxide emissions to required levels, big cities like New York would have to vastly increase their use of low-polluting natural gas, which is already in short supply. Most cities would also have to cut or even ban peak-hour auto commuting—and make up for it by building new, nonpolluting rapid transit systems. Unfortunately, the Government is unlikely to share the cities' staggering costs. Nixon's budget request for the Urban Mass Transportation Administration was \$400 million, \$200 million less than the amount authorized by Congress. The upshot is that few Ruckelshaus standards will be met on time. Yet some of them will be, which is the whole point of the exercise. Even if only in theory, the U.S. can now draw a clear line between clean air and dirty air.

Week's Watch

When a New York chemistry professor announced that he had found mercury in canned tuna last December, the Food and Drug Administration began removing thousands of cans from grocery shelves for testing. Most of the tuna was subsequently pronounced safe for human consumption. Not so for swordfish. Last week FDA Chief Charles Edwards warned the public that 95% of all samples of swordfish tested were contaminated with mercury. Only 5% of 853 samples contained mercury below the .5 parts per million safety limit set by the FDA. The average level was twice that. Therefore, said Dr. Edwards, "the FDA has no choice but to recommend at this time that the public not eat swordfish." The virtually unprecedented warning, Government officials acknowledged, will



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probably scuttle the swordfish industry—unless the fish stop eating food that contains mercury.

So many Americans accept "zero population growth" as a new canon of conventional wisdom that it comes as a surprise to hear the notion disputed. Some blacks, in fact, are so proud of the high black birth rate that they attack Z.P.G. as a white scheme to curb black power. Now comes a more surprising attack, this one from Jewish intellectuals, most of whom had endorsed birth control as a sane way to ease world hunger and poverty.

Too much birth control could be a disaster for Jews, argue *Commentary* Editor Norman Podhoretz and Contributing Editor Milton Himmelfarb in the magazine's April issue. Given the low level of Jewish fertility, Podhoretz warns that Jews who advocate Z.P.G. are pushing for ethnic "suicide." Would even the devil, he asks, "have ever dreamed that so many would come to sterilize their very own selves in the name of a greater sense of responsibility to the future, and a greater reverence for life?"

To avoid using DDT and other pesticides, more and more U.S. communities are turning to nature for help. The latest to do so are Claremont, Calif., and Al-



LADYBUG ATTACKING APHIDS
Cheaper than sprays.

buquerque, N. Mex., whose residents have imported thousands of ladybugs to control millions of sap-sucking aphids. Claremonters report that ladybugs are cheaper than chemical sprays: \$85 for 375,000 ladybugs v. \$180 for a chemical spray used in Claremont last year. Moreover, a single ladybug devours as many as 40 or 50 aphids a day. Ladybugs are also easy to handle. The gardener should first cool them in his refrigerator to make them drowsy, then remove them at sunset and spread them around. When the bugs awaken, they are hungry. They gobble away until most aphids are gone.



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GTE SYLVANIA

MODERN LIVING

Knotty but Nice

In the 13th century, Arab weavers are said to have discovered that instead of snipping unneeded lengths of twine from finished products, they could braid it into an attractive, decorative fringe with a series of simple knots. Slowly the technique spread north to Europe. In 1689 when William of Orange became King of England, his wife, Queen Mary, introduced the fascinating art of macramé (from the Arab *migramah*, meaning ornamental braid or fringe) to palace circles. The Incas and American Indians had their own versions. Sometimes widely popular, sometimes kept alive only by seamen to whom knotting was both work and diversion, macramé had been dormant in the U.S. since 1857.

Great Divider. A new boom is under way. It started in the counterculture, where the inexpensive ingredients and do-it-yourself potential had great appeal. But macramé has been co-opted, and is being taught in churches and schools all over the country. An Irvine, Calif., country club has just commissioned a \$3,000 room divider by Libby Platus, a leading practitioner. Reports Ernie Austin, who runs a small shop in Manhattan called Macramania: "My customers run from longhairs to squares of all colors, shapes and sizes." A major supplier of macramé material is Pacific Fiber and Rope of Wilmington, Calif. Owner Carl Goldman reports macramé interest is "overwhelming . . . enormous. A year ago, we had maybe zero accounts in macramé. Now we must have at least 200."

The reasons for macramé's rejuvenation are clear enough: it is simple, cheap,

attractive and practical. "It's easy to learn," says Eileen Bernard, a California macramé artist. "I can easily teach anyone the basics in just one or two hours." All that is really needed is enough string or twine of the desired color and degree of strength, some hefty pins and a soft board. The strands are pinned to the board at one end, then the loose ends are knotted together repeatedly in either clove hitches or square knots. Any reasonably adept amateur can quickly create belts, bracelets and necklaces; in a few months, he should be turning out vests, dresses, overskirts, ponchos and other body coverings. Highly skilled artists like Mrs. Bernard concentrate on enormously intricate wall hangings. A much smaller but equally intriguing macramé work is a bikini of nylon strands selling for \$32.50 at Manhattan's Macramania. Is the garment lined? "Good Lord, no," says Austin, "but the knots are pretty close together."

Nautical Knotters. To purists, the closeness of the knots is far less important than the idea of making it oneself, an urge that is not limited to macramé. Knitting, leatherwork and fancy needlework are all in vogue. Tandy Leather, a handicraft chain store with outlets all over the country, says its leather sales have risen 51% this year. But macramé, seven centuries old, is what's in. Salty Stanley Postek, who owns Nautique Arts in Manhattan, is one of the first to offer macramé kits. These start at \$5 and range up to \$12 and higher for advanced projects. There are at least 15 books and six periodicals devoted to macramé. One paperback has sold 500,000 copies.

The kits and books arouse the scorn of some longtime enthusiasts. "Macramé is a beautiful and old art form," says Mrs. Christa Mayer, curator of textiles at the

Chicago Art Institute, "but it is being sadly cheapened by the how-to books." Although macramé's pragmatic virtues are stressed in its latest incarnation, it retains its artistic values. New York's Museum of American Folk Art has just opened an exhibition of the more splendid examples. Among the items on display: an Inca hat, delicate macramé lace from 17th century Genoa, and fur rugs macraméd by Eskimos.

Men's Equality

Celio Diaz Jr. was not interested in the glamorous image, the clothes or the chance to meet eligible, attractive men, but he did want to be the male version of a stewardess, an airline cabin attendant. He had his own reason: he simply wanted to fly round the world.

So Diaz asked Pan American for the job—and was turned down. Acting under a section of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which was generally intended to provide equal rights for women, he then sued Pan Am. The airline, resting its case on an exception in the law, contended that the sex of a cabin attendant is a "bona fide occupational qualification," as it probably is for actors or actresses required to play male or female roles. Pan Am added that women were clearly better at "providing reassurance to anxious passengers, giving courteous personalized service and, in general, making flights as pleasurable as possible."

Last month, however, a three-judge federal appeals court in New Orleans gave Diaz a first-class victory, ruling that the exception applied only "when the essence of the business operation would be undermined."

Pan Am has petitioned for a rehearing; if it is denied, the airline will probably have to hire Diaz. He is now working for a Miami hotel and still wants to go to work for Pan Am—but only if the firm provides seniority and back pay dating from April 1967, when he was first rejected.

MACRAMÉ BELTS . . .



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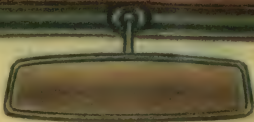
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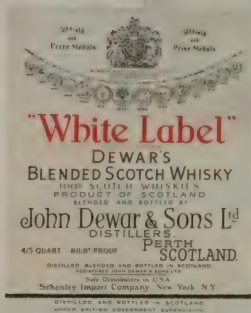
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Dewar's never varies.

EDUCATION

Class of '68 Revisited: A Cooler Anger

Three years ago, student protests reached new heights from the Sorbonne to Columbia University. To examine the ideas and feelings of vocal U.S. ecologists, a *TIME* cover story profiled seven 1968 graduates who were particularly articulate about their discontent with U.S. life. Their common characteristics, the story reported, were idealism and "cynicism about society's willingness to embrace their ideals." Since that report (June 7, 1968), the U.S. has undergone profound changes in attitudes toward the war, youthful protest and culture. What have those years done to the seven graduates?

Last week *TIME* correspondents looked up six of the 1968 cover subjects.* All are alive; none have served in the armed forces; all have pursued graduate studies. Though still cynical about U.S. values and institutions, the six are now equally skeptical about changing things through mass protest. As a result, many of them verge on a bitter fatalism about public affairs. Still, none have dropped out into drug abuse, agrarian communes or similar escapism. Most have not yet settled into clearly defined careers, but in various ways all are working hard for idealistic goals. So far, not one is out to make money.

BRIAN WEISS, now 25, was the bearded, provocative U.C.L.A. senior and editor of the *Daily Bruin* whose picture was on *TIME*'s cover. Then full of antiwar and pro-black views, he aimed for a college teaching job "making people socially aware, making them think, making them alive." Weiss still has a beard, but has given up journalism and is not active in politics. He is now a kind of rational pessimist: "Three years ago I might have said that 250,000 people marching must be able to stop the war, that someone must hear them and pay attention. Now, anyone can look out the window and see that 250,000 people marching does not stop anything. I don't think the war can be stopped—by any of us."

It is not only discouragement about the unresponsiveness of U.S. Government that keeps Weiss away from antiwar protest. He now spends 14 hours a day engrossed in becoming a research anthropologist. He is an able, warm teacher of undergraduate courses at the University of Michigan, where he is working on a Ph.D. after earning his M.A. at the University of New Mexico. Also an able economist, Weiss saves

most of his \$1,500 pay to help finance his research trips. This week he leaves on his second expedition. Headed for a four-month stint in tiny Indian villages in Colombia and Nicaragua, he is taking a spectrographic kit, which he designed to measure the energy that foods produce. His concern is "human ecology": how communities obtain and use their food. Making no apologies for his work's lack of popular relevance, he says simply, "I am doing this because I enjoy it."

DAVID SHAPIRO, 24, is an intellectual one-time Columbia rebel who achieved notoriety of sorts in a famous 1968 photograph. It showed him occupying President Grayson Kirk's office chair while puffing one of Kirk's "liberated" cigars. Shapiro, who had already published a book of poetry at the time, now calls that episode "mock theater" and gives it only one big plus: he met his future wife during the activity. A Ph.D. candidate in English literature at Columbia, he plans a career of teaching and writing, has collaborated with poet Kenneth Koch in encouraging ghetto kids to write poetry (*TIME*, Dec. 28) and regularly plays the violin. Shapiro's goal as he completes his third book of poems: "Creating a new poetry, a new cinema, a new voice."

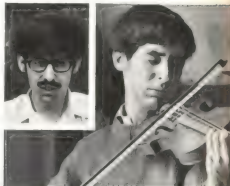
After graduation, Shapiro used a fellowship to study Greek tragedy and English literature at Cambridge University's Clare College. He continued to see a psychiatrist. The English atmosphere, he says, was "like a garden of recuperation, especially when kids I knew back home were blowing themselves up." One of those friends was Ted Gold, a Columbia radical turned Weatherman who was killed in the explosion of a Greenwich Village "bomb factory" last year. When Shapiro talks about Gold, he stutters.

Shapiro put some of his feelings into a recent poem called "The Funeral of Jan Palach." Though Palach was a Czech who set fire to himself after the Russian invasion of 1968, Shapiro says that his poem is "really about the funeral of America. More than anything I can say it demonstrates my real feelings." Excerpt: "Halfway in mud and slush the microphones picked up: It was raining on the houses. It was snowing on the police cars. . . . And my own mother was brave enough she looked. And it was all right I was dead." Shapiro adds: "There is a time when I may be willing to risk my life, but for me now poetry is the way."

VERNON FORD, 24, has not altered his goals much either. A basketball player and leader of black students at Northwestern, he aimed to use his education as a lever to help blacks. While teaching and counseling at an experimental "free" school for high school dropouts in his old neigh-



BRIAN WEISS



DAVID SHAPIRO



VERNON FORD

After three years, bitter fatalism.

borhood, Chicago's West Side, he earned an M.A. in sociology at Northwestern. But he soon decided that teaching and sociology by themselves did not help kids expelled from school because "they didn't have the power to holler" or kids who got into trouble with the law for being out late at night or double parking. Ford believes such offenses would not be regularly penalized anywhere but in the ghetto. "Just in terms of personal leverage," he concluded, "the law seemed to be more hip."

Accordingly, Ford is now a first-year law student at Berkeley. This winter, he was too busy to join the political campaign that elected three blacks to the Berkeley city government. Still, he is active in a black law students' association

* The seventh, Harvard's Paul Vance Hyndman, an Asian-studies scholar who contemplated self-exile in Canada if he was drafted, has just finished Peace Corps service in Thailand. Headed for the London School of Economics next fall, he is currently traveling somewhere in Southeast Asia, out of touch even with his parents, who live in La Grange, Ill.



ROBERT REICH



BRIAN MCGUIRE



ELIZABETH STEVENS

Waiting for the water to clear again.

and plans to do legal-aid work later this year. Choosing his words carefully, Ford speaks of American society as "basically immoral" and sometimes talks of "revolution"—but he does not know what form it could take or see any individual leading it, much less himself. More often he sounds like a future politician: he may return to Chicago and use legal services to build a "base" for "rendering service to the community." As he sees it, "I've just grown older. I realize that I have no monopoly on knowledge. Mr. Vernon Ford—I can't change the world. I don't know what this country has in store for me, or for black people. But insofar as a problem is recognized, I'm going to do everything in my power to help solve it. That's the pragmatic approach."

ROBERT REICH, 24, was a Dartmouth student in 1967 when he linked arms with demonstrators in Washington and started marching on the Pentagon. Because of his small size (4 ft. 11 in.), Reich was unable to see the protest target over the heads of taller marchers. These days he looks back on that incident as a symbol of the confrontations of the late 1960s—a seething mass of humanity moving loudly against an unseen enemy.

Still committed to social change, Reich is now less confident about how to achieve it. His breakneck college career as head of Dartmouth student government, founder of a "free university," and five-state organizer for Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign made him an enthusiast for personality politics. But life as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford's 700-year-old University College gave him his first serious look at democratic socialism, a system he thinks is inevitable for the U.S. It also gave him "more humility about what individuals can accomplish in a short period of time." On his return, Reich looked up McCarthy campaigners who had gone on to more antiwar marches and discovered to his horror that they had become "burnt-out cases running on pure energy and not really thinking about what they were doing anymore."

Now at Yale Law School and living in an urban commune, Reich has ruled out careers in either regular law firms or most storefront legal-service projects because "they use law as an instrument of confrontation, not conciliation." He talks of "de-legalizing" society so that people can resolve conflicts without lawyers—as in no-fault auto insurance systems. To get such ideas across, he has joined law and business students at Harvard and Yale in starting a "public policy union" to work with city officials and state legislators on social problems. He plans to get involved in Senator George McGovern's presidential campaign.

Whatever he decides after two more years of law school, Reich is determined to avoid two pitfalls. The first, as he sees it, is that reformers who let themselves become as prominent as Ralph Nader invariably turn out to be "hollow shells" when seen close up. Secondly, among the more relaxed ranks of the counterculture, Reich (no kin to Yale Law Professor Charles Reich, author of *The Greening of America*) sees an alarming tendency to conformity and an unconscious yearning for authority. "I hope to be a kind of cross between a philosopher and a political hack," he says. Looking back on his own class, he muses: "We were the real liberationists."

BRIAN P. MCGUIRE, 24, six months ago quit a teaching job at Maryland's uncompromisingly traditional St. John's College after only one semester. His resignation letter was a deeply felt blast: "The intellectual life for me can be nothing more than a game, because if I let it become my whole life, then I destroy some of the

primal impulses within me: my creative urge, my animal emotions, my spontaneity, my chaos that I treasure just as much as my unity that I seek."

McGuire had taken the job in a last-ditch attempt to put his idealism to work in the U.S. In his senior year at Berkeley, he earned the highest grade-point average (3.9) in the College of Letters and Science—then decided that he had become enslaved to "American fanaticism" about achievement. On a Fulbright scholarship at Oxford's Balliol College, he earned a doctorate with a dissertation on *The History of St. Anselm's Theology of the Redemption in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*. But his discontent with the U.S. deepened.

McGuire lived for a while with a Danish girl he had been seeing for three years since meeting her at a summer language course in Vienna. After they married, he started his quixotic last stand at St. John's College. Now the McGuires have returned to Copenhagen, where he translates technical papers for an electronics firm, polishes his near-perfect Danish, and hopes to become a Danish citizen and get a teaching job. "As a person I am just happy," he says. "We Americans suffer from a tendency to hail what is one hundred percent, but nothing is ever one hundred percent, and life is absurd, and that is the way it should be."

ELIZABETH STEVENS, 23, is the closest of the six to the semi-hippie life of "Consciousness III." Once a social activist at Wheaton, a fashionable women's college in Massachusetts, she now lives in a ramshackle house near Putney, Vt. Mike Kronley, her roommate, is teaching her photography, and she is baking bread and eating organic foods.

But the house is deceptive: it is actually one of the far-flung little "graduate schools" run by Ohio's free-wheeling Antioch College. Every day Stevens goes to a job in the guidance office of a nearby high school as part of her work toward a master of arts in teaching. Her new emphasis on dealing "with one person at one level at a time" is an outgrowth of her post-Wheaton frustration over conventional reformist projects. As a graduate student at the Columbia School of Social Work, she went to Harlem to act as a "block catalyst." Her block was black on one side and Puerto Rican on the other; she was neither black nor Spanish. "My role," she says, "just was not valid." After another year of drifting among various office jobs, she ended up in Vermont, where she has stopped chain-smoking, turned watchful and reflective.

"I'm really into a whole day-to-day thing," she muses. "At Wheaton, I really believed that you could change things and make them better. Now I'm just sort of putting my head together." She gives the impression of a person who is not retreating but resting. Like the character in Robert Frost's poem, "The Pasture," Elizabeth Stevens has apparently stopped to watch a stirred-up spring and wait for the water to clear again.

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MUSIC

Return of Satan's Jesters

A monstrous red tongue coils sadiistically from the label of a new rock LP called *Sticky Fingers*. On the jacket, the waist-to-thigh portion of a man's jeans has been caught in a moment of rakish nonchalance. In the appropriate place, a working four-inch zipper hangs invitingly. Beneath the zipper lies another waist-to-thigh photograph, this one naked save for a pair of white jockey shorts and bearing the logotype of the noted dispose-all artist, Andy Warhol (see ART). As a record-store attraction, the album is positively too dreadful to ignore.

That can mean only one thing: the return of Satan's Jesters, otherwise known as the Rolling Stones. Just in time, too, to keep rock from losing its evil leer for good. After a fairly quiescent 18 months—the Altamont tragedy sobered a lot of people, the Stones included; four deaths will do that—Mick Jagger and his fellows are back with a new U.S. distributor (Atlantic) and their own label, Rolling Stones Records.

Sneers and Snarls. With *Sticky Fingers*, they are also at the most critical juncture of their career. During the last year and a half, while the Stones have rearranged their corporate lives and moved to the south of France, rock has changed drastically. Musically, it is softer now and more lyrically inquisitive. With the Beatles having bro-

ken up for good, the age of the big group is at a historical turning point. Among the surviving groups, mediocrity and sheer greed abound to such a degree that Bill Graham, sick of it all, has announced the permanent closing of both the Fillmore's West and East—two houses which greatly helped rock come of age in the '60s (TIME, May 10). Facing the Stones are as many unanswered questions as Mick Jagger has sneers and snarls. Is the milieu that nurtured the Stones—a young, despairing world of violence, ugliness, drugs and an unmistakable impulse toward self-destruction—still out there waiting for the anti-heroes of old? Will the tribes still gather to enjoy the Stones' personal exhortation to reduce civilization to pot-smoking ruins?

Old and New. For now the answer is "yes." *Sticky Fingers* has sold a half-million copies in its first two weeks. It also shows that the Stones are masters of much more than what British Critic Geoffrey Cannon calls "roaring white rock." *Bitch* and *Brown Sugar*, as irreverent, aggressive and sexually brutal as ever, will delight old-line Stones fans. *Can't You Hear Me Knocking*, by contrast, is a stylistic meeting place for old and new. It begins with that familiar buzzing, distorted guitar sound and inimitable druggy sentiments ("Yeah, you've got plastic boots 'Y'all got cocaine eyes 'Yeah you got speed freak jive"), then shifts suddenly into a long Latin-beat

instrumental coda that shows how well the Stones have been keeping up with the times in general, and Santana in particular.

Then there is *Sister Morphine*. Rarely has rock music invoked such an invitation to hell. An electric guitar quivers menacingly, like a poised cobra. Off in the distance somewhere, the piano groans a low, dark, mournful chord. Jagger, sounding like John Lennon baring his soul, speaks from a hospital bed of the mind: "Oh, can't you see I am fadin' fast And that this shot will be my last."

Taken literally, *Sister Morphine* is so frightening that it can hardly be regarded as a pro-drug song. Yet it has a posturing whine likely to appeal to the self-dramatizing young, including twelve- and 13-year-olds who will buy the record, just as they are already listening to *Brown Sugar* on radio.


Sticky Fingers may well plunge the Stones into a controversy over rock lyrics now raging between the Federal Government and American radio stations. In March, after a 5-to-1 vote, the Federal Communications Commissioners pointedly reminded stations that broadcasting songs "promoting" or "glorifying" the use of drugs could endanger station licenses. The lone dissenter was Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who regarded the FCC warning not only as ambiguous and difficult to enforce but as a clear step toward censorship. In a series of four-minute tapes distributed free to radio stations, Johnson has played some of the songs his fellow commissioners may have had in mind, and personally analyzed the lyrics, drawing conclusions highly critical of the commission action.

Among the typically ambiguous drug-related lyrics that Johnson cites are Arlo Guthrie's permissive reference to "a couple of keys" (kilos), the Grateful Dead singing "What in the world became of sweet Jane She lost her sparkle/Living on reds, Vitamin C and cocaine." There is also Red Sovine's confession "I'm taking little white pills and my eyes open wide." Asks Johnson: "Well, what is the poor broadcaster to do? Do you think the lyric encourages the use of drugs, discourages it, or takes no position one way or another? The invidious thing about this whole effort is that once you start messing around with art, you really are in very serious trouble." Trying to prevent the artistic community from discussing drugs, adds Johnson, "is unconstitutional and I presume at some point some broadcaster will test that proposition."

Whether the FCC warning and its implications are unconstitutional will, indeed, have to be decided in the courts. Johnson, however, though somewhat wordily, has made a basic point. Any Government body that wants to control lyrics that promote or glorify drugs will have to establish—and make stick—sensible standards for deciding just what does or does not constitute promotion.



THE STONES: CHARLIE WATTS, MICK TAYLOR, BILL WYMAN, KEITH RICHARD, MICK JAGGER
Who is to say what helps drugs on the market?



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But she's feeling a little anxious
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RICH, RICH L&M

10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method. ©Jan '78



THE LAW

Military Prisons: About Face

Riots, racism and guard brutality used to be facts of life at U.S. military prisons from the Marine brig at Camp Pendleton, Calif., to the Army's Long Binh jail in Viet Nam. Last year a blue-ribbon panel of civilian penologists visited 23 Army lockups, found most of them dismal, and issued a critical 133-page report. Aware of the problems, the Pentagon urged sweeping reforms.

Last month *TIME* correspondents visited U.S. military prisons all over the world to check on the progress. The military, they found, has reformed its prisons with dramatic speed. With very few exceptions, service prisoners are now treated far better than civilian inmates. Items:

AT LONG BINH JAIL, where 739 overcrowded prisoners rioted in 1968, the inmate population has been cut to between 400 and 450. "LBJ" has fewer problems now under a new commander, Lieut. Colonel Paul Grossheim, a big, stone-faced Iowan with a master's degree in criminology and penology. Says David Addlestone, a civilian defense lawyer for G.I.s in Viet Nam: "I came here really hot to dust the place over and just haven't found that many serious complaints."

AT CAMP PENDLETON, where Marine guards reportedly used to beat hog-tied inmates, the brig population has been halved to less than 500, and a new \$2,500,000 facility will open in August. Captain Sam Saxton, an assistant warden, has helped improve the guards' caliber. "When we see a guard going sour," says Saxton, "he's out of here in 72 hours."

AT FORT DIX, N.J., where the Army stockade was a mess last year, Lieut. Colonel Arthur Friedman has launched dramatic reforms in line with his motto, "Firm but fair." To Friedman, a huge 240-pounder, his slogan means clean

kitchens, well-trained guards and innovative programs for 446 inmates. Since he took charge 15 months ago, Friedman has started college-preparatory classes, given the inmates a real drug-therapy program complete with talks by ex-addicts, and allowed selected prisoners off-base privileges.

Goaded by Scandal. Aimed at preserving discipline, military justice has always outdone civilian law in providing swift, certain punishment. Goaded by scandal, though, the military has now awakened to the fact that harsh punishment can defeat its urgent efforts to recruit and retain good career men. Says Marine Lieut. Colonel Archie Van Winkle: "We can't afford to keep the prisoner locked up; we want him back."

Not only is it cheaper to "correct" military errands than to draft and train replacements, it is also easier. The vast majority of military prisoners are not criminals and would go free in a civilian setting. More than 75% of them are in for purely military offenses, such as absence without leave. Only an estimated 15% are accused of civilian-style felonies.

At Fort Riley, Kans., 634 Army "retrainees" are now getting an eight-week course that stresses military (358 hours) and motivational (143 hours) training. "It's the same Army," says one former Riley inmate, "but it's better people." At the Fort Leavenworth disciplinary barracks, activities include a thriving Jaycees chapter, plus training in computer programming, color-TV repair and silk-screen processing.

The retraining center at Colorado's Lowry Air Force Base now spends \$25 a day per prisoner, compared with \$10.45 in federal prisons and \$1.50 at the New Orleans Parish Prison. At Lowry, which boasts 144 assorted counselors for 220 prisoners, the retraining begins with a battery of psychological and educational tests, proceeds to freewheeling

group-therapy sessions that discuss alcoholism, drugs and racism, then moves into academic or vocational programs. Lowry's atmosphere is so free that tales of prisoners' disbelief abound: to test the system, one skeptic walked off the base and waited for the MPs to converge. When none came, he meekly returned to his quarters, convinced of official good intentions.

Civilian prisoners would be equally surprised by "the castle"—the Navy brig in Portsmouth, N.H. To look after 480 inmates, it has 370 guards and other staff members, including three psychologists, four psychiatrists, and six chaplains. The white-towered castle is run by Marine Colonel Walter Domina, a cigar-smoking former fighter pilot who offers his prisoners a choice of 25 vocational-training programs. The prison library is stocked with 11,000 books; inmates are allowed to publish their own magazine, complete with girlie pictures, which they get from the Armed Forces Press Service. Since Domina took over last July, the chapel services have changed as well. "How can you expect a 20-year-old to listen to *Onward, Christian Soldiers*?" asks Domina. Last month Portsmouth enjoyed its first folk mass.

All is not perfect, of course, even at Portsmouth. Incurables are still likely to land in "the hole"; solitary confinement below ground in dank semidarkness. The Navy is also investigating reports that Portsmouth has a major drug-trafficking problem. But such black marks pale in comparison with the grim conditions at one of the military's least reformed prisons: the Army stockade at Mannheim, Germany.

Atypical Situation. Mannheim, commanded by Major Harry Crawford, houses 300 of the 425 G.I. prisoners in Europe and is almost a carbon copy of the worst civilian prison facilities in the U.S. Guarded by four watchtowers with spotlights, the stark brick structure is surrounded by two 7-ft.-high rows of barbed wire. Few if any prisoners at Mannheim are rehabilitated. Homosex-



MANHEIM STOCKADE GUARD



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uality is rampant and drugs abound. Tension between white and black inmates is so bad that guards simply let each group run its part of the jungle. Says one white inmate: "You can survive if you stay away from the brothers." Last month one white was cut across the face and chest by black prisoners wielding razor blades; another was raped by a gang of blacks.

Happily, the Mannheim situation is atypical for the 1971 military correctional system. More than half of Fort Riley's 18,000 Army retrainees, for example, are now either back on duty or have received honorable discharges. At the Air Force's Lowry retraining facility, 77.6% of the inmates return to duty. The Marines' return rate is even higher: 79.4%. The military may not have completely solved the mysteries of rehabilitation, but it has surely outperformed most civilian prisons.

Fatal Decision

On June 2, 1967, Luis José Monge, 48, convicted of murdering his pregnant wife and three of their seven children, was executed in Colorado State Prison. He was the last man to suffer that fate in the U.S. Since Monge died, 650 other condemned prisoners have accumulated on the nation's death rows, awaiting word from the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the death penalty. Last week the court wiped away two questions that had been key elements in sustaining the moratorium.

At issue were the cases of Dennis McGautha of Los Angeles, condemned for killing a grocer during an armed robbery, and James Crampton of Toledo, Ohio, convicted of murdering his second wife. Both men argued that their death sentences should be overturned because their juries had no guiding standards, such as the defendant's potential for rehabilitation, to help them choose a verdict of life or death.

Naked Power. Crampton's case involved the most prevalent U.S. jury procedure. He challenged the constitutionality of Ohio's system, under which a single jury proceeding both convicted and sentenced him to die. Because of that system, his lawyer argued, Crampton had to give up one right in order to exercise another. He could not take the stand and seek mercy in sentencing without risking self-incrimination on the issue of guilt. In short, his forced silence may have helped condemn him.

In a 6-to-3 decision, the court held that neither Ohio's single-jury system nor the "untrammeled discretion" of juries violates the due process clause of the Constitution. In his 38-page majority opinion, Justice John M. Harlan refused to be drawn into a debate on capital punishment. Said Harlan: "The Federal Constitution does not guarantee trial procedures that are the best of all worlds, or that accord with the most enlightened ideas of students of the infant science of criminology, or even

those that measure up to the individual predilections of members of this Court." All the Constitution requires, Harlan held, is a fairly conducted trial in which the defendant's guaranteed rights are respected.

In a vigorous 64-page dissent, Justice William Brennan argued that Harlan's view begged the crucial question: If the juries had no explicit standards on which to base their decisions, were the defendants given their guaranteed constitutional rights? Absolutely not, said Brennan. "Not once in the history of this Court, until today, have we sustained against a due process challenge such an unguided, unbridled, unreviewable exercise of naked power."

Penultimate Question. The Supreme Court's decision will not start a rash of executions—at least, not immediately.



SAN QUENTIN GAS CHAMBER
Rebirth for death.

Mindful of the many appeals pending in other capital cases, Governors in the 38 states that still retain the death penalty took cautious positions. California's Governor Ronald Reagan went on record again favoring the death penalty, but none of his state's 99 condemned men and women are expected to go to the gas chamber before late summer at the earliest. Ohio's Governor John Gilligan refused to be prodded at all by the court's decision. He flatly barred executions in his state, where 52 persons wait on death row, until the Supreme Court rules on the constitutionality of the death penalty itself.

That day may not be far away. The court now has 120 death cases pending for review. Among the issues is the penultimate question: Do death penalties constitute "cruel and unusual punishments," which are barred by the Eighth Amendment? Given the court's ruling last week, civil libertarians like Stanford Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam are not optimistic. Still, says Amsterdam, "the court knows that we will stop some time; we just don't have the guts to stop quickly."

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THE PRESS

Money Pays Off

A series of college-campus pipe bombings had left Detroit police clueless and frustrated. Then a neatly typed letter turned up, naming Eileen Margaret Orr, 20, and Mark Peter Stevens, 21, as the bombers; more explosives, the letter said, could be found in the Orr suburban home. Last week police arrested the pair, charged them with a bombing at Oakland Community College, and reported finding some 20 sticks of dynamite concealed in a closet of the house.

The fruitful letter came not to police but to the Secret Witness program of the Detroit News, which offers sizable rewards to those whose information leads to a conviction for a crime in the Detroit area. The results have been remarkable. Since the program started in 1967, rewards have been offered in 99 cases. So far, \$69,000 has been paid out and 31 criminals put in prison. Fifteen murders and three bank robberies have been solved through Secret Witness tips. If last week's arrests result in conviction, the letter writer, still unknown to the police, will get a \$5,000 reward.

Anonymity Appeals. The arrest of Stevens and Miss Orr marked it four crimes in as many days marked closed by police with the help of the News' program. Earlier, police acting on a Secret Witness tip arrested Charles Martin Fullwood for a March murder, and said ballistics tests showed his .38 caliber revolver had been used in two other slayings. The lead to Fullwood came after the offer of a \$2,000 reward.

Apart from the appeal of the money, the promise of anonymity helps. Before turning any information over to police, the News removes all identification as to source. That is only one of a strict set of rules agreed upon by police and the paper. Police will not question the source of a tip, but promise to check it out and keep the News informed confidentially of their progress. For its part the News does not pursue leads on its own and publishes no stories on the investigation

of tips until an arrest is made or a warrant issued. Though the bargain clearly restricts the reportorial role at the start of an investigation, the News winds up with exclusive background in later stories. The police, in turn, freely concede that the rewards—which come from a News standing fund of \$100,000 or from other groups acting through the paper—have helped solve crimes that otherwise would still be on the books.

Patience Pays. The News first tried Secret Witness in 1950, but public apathy killed it. One staffer who never gave up on the idea was Boyd Simmons, then a reporter and now an assistant managing editor. Simmons, 58, revived the program and runs it personally. The program has been a good circulation promotion (the News, at 653,000, is the biggest afternoon paper in the country) as well as a widely praised public service. "One of the reasons this program has succeeded is because there's just one man—me—dealing with the police," Simmons says. "The danger is letting this communication become too friendly. Occasionally the police will start to think of me as a cop. One mistake and an informant could be killed. I don't really want to know the name of the informant. All we want is the information."

The tips come to the News over a special telephone line or to a designated post office box. Writers code-number their letters so they can identify themselves to the News later should they qualify for a reward. "There's no way to generalize about informants," says Simmons. "Many are ex-cons, some are close friends of the criminal who need the money, and a few are good citizens who just don't want to get involved. Many times a person will come to us because there are too many information leaks with the police."

Other papers have tried similar programs, but none has done as well as the News. "Others get too impatient," Simmons says. "They try to pressure the informant. Once you start pursuing your tipster, you've lost him for good. You've got to practice patience along with persistence."

From Token to the Top

The announcement was treated routinely on an inside page of the *Oregonian*, Portland's prospering (circ. 245,000) morning daily. City Editor Paul E. Laartz was retiring, and William Arthur Hilliard would replace him. But the appointment of Bill Hilliard marked a belated milestone of sorts in U.S. journalism: he is the first black to rise so high in the editorial hierarchy of a major U.S. daily newspaper.

Black faces are still rare in city rooms, despite an intense search for qualified black journalists that began roughly after the Watts riots in 1965. A recent Gov-



"OREGONIAN'S" HILLIARD
Competence, not color.

ernment survey showed that only 1.5% of all newsmen on 573 dailies in 1969 were black. In recent years, many papers hired one or two "house blacks" to cover the ghetto and perhaps soothe a social conscience. Others, wanting to do more, found a lack of talented blacks: long excluded from the newsroom, many were finding better jobs elsewhere. Now both black and white newsmen are confronted by tightened editorial budgets that mean fewer available jobs.

The *Oregonian's* Hilliard, 43, is no latecomer and—though he was originally hired as one—no token. A Pacific University graduate who once worked as a redcap despite a journalism degree, he was taken on as a copy boy in 1952. "We deliberately hired him because he was a Negro," admits Managing Editor J. Richard Nokes. "We felt it was an oversight on a paper our size not to have Negro representation on the staff." Hilliard served as sports reporter, church editor, general assignment reporter and picture editor before becoming an assistant city editor nine years ago.

The Best Man. After Watts, Hilliard got job offers from the *Wall Street Journal* and *Los Angeles Times* and "lots of suggestions from staffers on other papers that I apply with their outfits." But he decided to stick with the *Oregonian* because his superiors assured him that "there was nothing to stop me from having a good future here." Two years later he did a workmanlike and scrupulously fair job of directing coverage of racial disturbances in Portland, where blacks constitute only 2% of the population.

Hilliard's appointment is popular with his all-white editorial staff of 133. His colleagues are convinced that competence, not color, won him the job, in which he is unchallenged boss of the newsroom. "We simply appointed a city editor," says an *Oregonian* staffer. "Not a black city editor. Just the best man."



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Prizewinning Marigolds

Literal and literary insularity are not easy to achieve in New York City, but Playwright Paul Zindel has done it. He has lived, written and worked as a high school chemistry teacher on the city's lightly populated borough in the bay, Staten Island. Until last week: with a Pulitzer Prize* as a letter of recommendation, and with the pride of bachelorhood as impetus, he boarded a ferry and moved to Manhattan.

Zindel won the Pulitzer for his off-Broadway play *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, which exemplifies perfectly the editor's admonition to young writers: "Write what you know." The play's three leading characters are a bitter, nearly mad mother and her two tormented daughters; its plot concerns a science-class experiment with radiation on marigolds by one of the daughters. The underlying concept occurred to Zindel while he was preparing a class lecture. "I remember thinking that all carbon atoms on earth had to come from the sun," he says. "The idea of being linked to the universe by these atoms, which really don't die, gave me a feeling of meaning." The mother was his own, he says, "in nightmarish exaggeration."

Zindel's mother was a practical nurse who cared for a series of dying patients. He recalls: "We stuffed them in-

* Among other Pulitzer winners: James MacGregor Burns, history award for *Reverence: The Soldier of Freedom*; Mario Davidovsky, music award for a mixed-medium composition; William S. Merwin, poetry, for *The Carriage of Ladders*; the New York Times's Harold C. Schonberg, criticism; Lucinda Franks and Thomas Powers of United Press International, national reporting; Jimmie Lee Hoagland of the Washington Post, international reporting; the Winston-Salem (N.C.) *Journal and Sentinel*, public service; the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon Journal*, for Kent State coverage.



SCENE FROM "MARIGOLDS"
Transcending reality.



PLAYWRIGHT PAUL ZINDEL
Ferry ride to the future.

tact into plastic bags. She raised a lot of dogs too, but when she got tired of them she would kill them off. We'd bury them in the backyard. Our sunflowers reached heights the likes of which you couldn't believe."

It is only a 20-minute, five-mile trip from Staten Island to Manhattan, but when Zindel made it last week, it represented his emancipation. "Now maybe I'll be able to start living. Whoever I am was squashed," he says. Some public evidence of the past fingers: Zindel has another play, this one on Broadway, called *And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*—about three sisters, all teachers. He is working on two plays, one the book for a musical, from the perspective of a new present and unknown future.

One path he seems determined to avoid is that taken by another Pulitzer winner and one of Zindel's playwrighting models, Edward Albee, whose work since he won his prize in 1967 has displeased most reviewers. Says Zindel: "Albee is an example of what happens when one receives a prize and spends too much time shopping for antiques and wallpapering one's bathroom with velvet. He's also an example of a playwright who doesn't listen to those who can give him objectivity."

Zindel's exploration of a deep, narrow shaft of his life recalls Henry David Thoreau's rejoinder to those who urged he broaden his perspective through travel: "I have traveled a good deal in Concord." Zindel says rightly that despite the psychologically crippled characters and lacerating tensions in *Marigolds*, it is an affirmation of life—the experimenting schoolgirl endures literally and symbolically, despite the emotional violence around her. Like her, Zindel has transcended his experience. Thoreau eventually went as far as Minnesota. For Zindel, Manhattan may be far enough; it is the inner distance that counts.

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THE THEATER

Social-Status Reflexes

Comedy is social. It is never private. A man laughing to, for and by himself invariably excites suspicion. He must be a nut, people feel.

Comedy is replete with nuances of class and caste, and the pitfalls and pratfalls of making social errors. Nowhere is this truer than in English comedy, or more enjoyably so than in Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. This 18th century classic, now being performed at off-Broadway's Roundabout Theater, revolves entirely around conditioned social-status reflexes.

Two traveling young gallants, Marlowe (Robert G. Murch) and Hastings

PAUL J. HOFFMAN



REARDON, SUTHTMAN & CONNELL

Pitfalls and pratfalls.

(Tom V.V. Tamm), are told that the home of Mr. Hardcastle (Fred Sutthman) is an inn. What follows is a consistently funny set of etiquette violations: Marlowe mistakes Miss Hardcastle (Nancy Reardon) for a barmaid, the sort of woman with whom he is as raffishly familiar as he is shyly reserved with "ladies." Hardcastle is appalled at the monstrous liberties his guests take; they roar for drink and alternately interrupt and ignore him.

While never pointing the finger of morality, Goldsmith means us to know how differently a man behaves toward those he considers his equals and those he considers his inferiors. Goldsmith notes the disparity between man commanding his pleasures and man attempting to please, and the divergence, in the case of sex, between seeing a woman as a wench and contemplating her for a wife. The entire cast, especially Jane Connell as Mrs. Hardcastle, vivifies these differences with zest, style and high good humor. With revivals like this, who needs new plays?

• T.E. Ralem

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RELIGION

Electronic Evangelist

He was the son of a traveling preacher, born to the Gospel big top. As a baby he lay swaddled behind the piano while his parents led revival services in the tabernacles and tents of the Bible Belt. Once, after he had learned to walk, his father collared him as he ran across the stage and spanked him soundly to demonstrate proper child training. Young Rex Humbarnd reformed, but real conversion had to wait until he was a shy 13, listening to a visiting evangelist call for converts. He went forward, he recalls, "to open my heart to Jesus," and it happened. "Light flooded my soul and I became a new person. In that moment God took my old shyness away and made me an extravert. He started me talking about him and I haven't stopped since."

The Lord, Humbarnd would probably

that can be raised or lowered hydraulically. The auditorium atmosphere is hardly dispelled by the cathedral's single mark of religious character: a 100-ft.-long cross, hung horizontally, embellished with 4,700 light bulbs that can be illuminated in 60 different combinations of red, white and blue.

The Technicolor cross sets the tone neatly for the television service, a bland but professional blend of folksy, peppy talk piety and bubbly, inspirational hill-billy music—a Norman Vincent Peale to a Lawrence Welk constituency. The music is no mere come-on; in the hour-long show, Humbarnd's sermon usually takes little more than 15 minutes. The Cathedral Singers—including Rex's wife Maude Aimee, a pert, peppery, brunette soprano who becomes properly demure for the Gospel numbers—are the stars. Smoothly pancaked, eyelashed, and carefully coiffed in styles of the '60s,

the prayer there are down-home introductions of visiting notables, more music, Humbarnd's sermon and the final "altar call" for conversions.

Moral Truths. "We're simple people with a simple message," Humbarnd says, and his sermons bear him out. In his Arkansas twang and a blizzard of linguistic barbarisms ("cain't," "we's"), Humbarnd usually deals in congenial pleasantries about the love of God and what it can do. He touches doctrine only in passing. "People know I'm old-fashioned enough to believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God, virgin-born and resurrected," he explains; he just prefers to stress "moral truths." Though he worries about such national problems as drugs and pornography, Humbarnd tries to preach positively. "Seek the Savior," he urges, in his usual simplification of the evangelical message, and all other moral problems will solve themselves.

He avoids political and social issues like the plague; in comparison, Billy Graham sounds like Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Humbarnd simply will not speak on racism. As for the Viet Nam War, he just shakes his head. "I dunno. Before I'd say anything about Viet Nam I'd have to hear the Lord speak twicet." That kind of political laissez-faire endears him to many flag-waving right-wingers, who read into it more than Humbarnd really intends to say. Indeed, in the adult Sunday-school class at the cathedral last week, Humbarnd's associate Wayne Jones deplored the huge waste of the war. Humbarnd's appeal, as his large Canadian following shows, extends well beyond political loyalties. To many devoted fans, he is mainly a dear friend. One West Virginia woman wrote Rex to say that she puts on her Sunday best to watch his program.

To help cement such loyalties, Humbarnd once a month packs a small, multipurpose staff into a four-engine Viscount turboprop to fly to one-night stands around the northern U.S. and Canada. Last week Humbarnd was in Chatham, Ont. (pop. 33,000) to play to a crowd of 2,700. Both the music and the message were familiar: "I believe that God wants us to be happy 'cause there's enough troubles in the world," he told the audience. Afterward, like a candidate on the hustings, he signed autographs and pressed flesh for 25 minutes while the crews packed up.

At home the weeks are no less busy. Part of the cathedral staff spends long hours opening letters and tabulating contributions in three sorting and counting rooms. Others are occupied duplicating tapes of the service and dispatching

* The road-show entourage is the core of Humbarnd's cathedral staff of 150. It includes Rex; his wife and soloist; his sister Leona, another singer; Leona's husband, Associate Pastor Wayne Jones; two sons, Rex Jr. and Don, who share television production tasks at home and sing on the road; Public Relations Man Johnny Hope, who sings and plays rhythm guitar; and a pianist and music arranger, Dan Koker, who also sings.



REX & WIFE MAUDE AIMEE AT CENTER MICROPHONE ON CATHEDRAL STAGE

Simple people with a simple message.

admit, had a thorough job of it. Now 51, he heads a religious-business empire that deals in millions of dollars as well as souls; he reaches his outposts by private airliner. But the seat of empire is a weekly television show. Each Sunday he is seen conducting a nondenominational service on 333 television stations across the U.S. and Canada, and the number is still growing. Even in New York City, not normally fruitful territory for evangelists, Humbarnd this month was able to switch his show from 7 a.m. to a choice 11 a.m. slot right before the Mets' baseball telecasts. He claims an audience of at least 15 million.

Technicolor Cross. Humbarnd's sumptuous Cathedral of Tomorrow in Akron was in fact built for television, though it also serves a local congregation of 2,800 families. Opened in 1958 at a cost of \$3,500,000, the vast circular structure is lavishly appointed: glass and marble walls, a huge wooden dome, tiers of theater-type seats around a stage

the girls come on in bright gowns or knee-length frocks color-coordinated for the cameras. The songs are as upbeat as the clothes. Last Sunday the group led off with *Put Your Hand in the Hand of the Man from Galilee*. Then, in bluesy, three-quarter time, the group did *The Angels Rejoiced When My Soul Made a Choice*. Finally, Rex himself, clear-eyed, square-jawed and steadfastly ingenuous, came on to lighten the tempo, strumming his guitar and singing *I Just Steal Away and I Pray*.

That kind of joyful, superconfident soul balm is probably the reason many listeners tune in. But as more than 20,000 letters a week attest, many others are troubled people seeking help. For them, an important part of the standard Humbarnd service begins when Rex walks over to a prayer table piled high with letters and—a scrupulous touch—microfilm copies of all those that could not fit on it. "Every name," he assures listeners, "is on the table." After

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"Rent them cars they'll be proud to drive." JOHN HERTZ

Hertz

YOU DON'T JUST RENT A CAR · YOU RENT A COMPANY

them to TV stations. The work, up to 18 hours a day for the indefatigable Humbar, pays off. It has been 19 years since Rex dropped out of his parents' traveling revival troupe to start his own church in Akron with \$65 in his pocket. Again and again he has mortgaged the cathedral to buy more television time; eventually listeners become happy contributors. So far in 1971, mail contributions have totaled more than \$1,600,000, but air time alone in the same period cost \$1,937,000. Humbar's church also has business interests that contribute a small part of the total income. (One of them, Brooklyn's Real Form Girdle Co., once inspired a newspaper to headline a Humbar story *ROCK OF AGES RESTS ON FIRM FOUNDATION*.) Rex receives a \$500-a-week salary, in addition to a comfortable home and staff cars provided by the cathedral.

On Good Friday this year, Rex Humbar added to his empire. For about \$3,000,000, a knockdown price for a property worth five times as much, he bought the almost new, fully equipped Mackinac College, previously run by Moral Re-Armament, on Michigan's Mackinac Island. A high school graduate himself, Humbar has launched a study to see if he can reopen the college, and he already has 452 requests for applications if he does. Even some of Humbar's loyal staffers are concerned about his ability to make this latest project pay. But Rex Humbar himself, obviously, is still a believer.

Sex Dictionary

For more than a decade the independent Roman Catholic publishing house of Herder & Herder of New York has been the most adventuresome in its field. Four years ago it won praise, and in church circles a degree of notoriety, for the erudite but controversial "Dutch Catechism." That ruckus will seem a mere parlor game compared to the brouhaha that is likely to greet Herder's latest effort, a show-and-tell encyclopedia of sex called *The Sex Book*.

The \$9.95 explicitly illustrated volume, scheduled for U.S. publication early this summer, has already sold 30,000 in a German edition published last year by an independent Lutheran firm there. It has become a standard sex-education text at all the Lutheran youth centers in West Germany. The author of the German edition, Protestant Physician Martin Goldstein, in fact developed the book in response to questions he encountered as a medical adviser to the Lutheran Youth Counseling Center in Düsseldorf. For the U.S. edition, Yale Research Fellow Erwin J. Haeberle has rewritten the text to reflect U.S. sex laws and mores. As in Germany, the book is pri-

marily intended for youthful readers, preferably with adult guidance.

The book has a humane, almost joyful candor that might well assist a perplexed parent. But as for critics of sex education, it is a toss-up which will disturb them more, the permissive attitudes expressed in the text or some of Will McBride's black-and-white photos. Among the picture subjects are couples during intercourse, erect penises and ejaculation; there are also less explicit, sometimes charming evocations of conjugal and family love.

The dictionary-format text (supplemented by a Portnoyesque glossary of slang) similarly blends frankness with a pervading concern for mutual tenderness and respect in expressions of sexuality. The definition of *brothel*, for instance, is a deft putdown: "a house where peo-



NUDE BOYS IN "THE SEX BOOK"
Explicit and humane.

ple can rent sexual partners." *Nudity* describes the body not only as being "sexually attractive" but also as "vulnerable and in need of protection." *Chastity*, far from connoting abstinence, involves "respect for the sexual partner as an individual, not as a sexual object to be used at convenience." There is also compassionate treatment of the difficult subject of homosexuality and a rather challenging argument for modern versions of the extended family, such as communes and kibbutzim.

One section that may disturb many is the discussion of sin. Considering certain sexual actions sinful in themselves, the book says, is "a belief [that] can lead only to more fear." Some celibates may also take umbrage at the observation that "only a few emotion-lily disturbed people never think about sex." Ultimately, the judgment that greets *The Sex Book* may well be the same as the book itself makes on striptease: "It can be argued that [it] serves a social purpose, although it may not be to everybody's taste."

MILESTONES

Married. Patrick Buchanan, 32, politically conservative speechwriter to President Nixon; and Shelley Scarney, 33, one of Nixon's secretaries during the 1960 presidential campaign and now a White House receptionist; both for the first time; in Washington.

Died. Cilenda Farrell, 66, actress; of lung cancer; in Manhattan. Often cast as a tough babe with hair and heart of gold, Farrell began her screen career as a gangster's moll in the 1930 film classic *Little Caesar*. She went on to wisecrack her way through scores of Hollywood movies, including *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* (1932), *Gold Diggers of 1937* and the *Torchy Blane* series. Weary of being typecast, she made a deft transition in the 1950s to motherly roles on television and Broadway.

Died. Helene Weigel, 70, Vienna-born actress-director and flinty widow of playwright Bertolt Brecht; in East Berlin. Already an accomplished performer when she married Brecht in 1929, Weigel later starred in his drama *Mother Courage* on the Berlin stage. Anti-Nazi and pro-Communist, the couple fled Hitler's Germany in 1933, lived in Denmark and the U.S., then returned to East Germany after the war. For the past 15 years Weigel directed the famed Berliner Ensemble, the repertory company founded by Brecht. "What Brecht prescribed," wrote Critic Kenneth Tynan in 1961, "his widow embodies: the maxim that there is no such thing as a character ungoverned by a social context."

Died. Dr. Donald Dexter Van Slyke, 88, clinical chemist; of cancer; in Garden City, N.Y. A major contributor to the study of amino-acid chemistry and kidney function, Van Slyke applied innovative analytical methods to both clinical and investigative medicine. He was known primarily for his work leading to the detection of acidosis (a condition often leading to diabetic coma) and his studies of kidney disease.

Died. Ejnar Mikkelsen, 90, Danish explorer and author; in Copenhagen. Mikkelsen first indulged his zeal for polar exploration at the age of 16 by walking 320 miles from Stockholm to Göteborg in an unsuccessful attempt to join an Arctic balloon flight. Later he captured world attention by leading the 1906 Anglo-American polar expedition, a two-year journey that established the fact that there is no land directly north of Alaska. Between 1909 and 1912, Mikkelsen led a mission in search of the diaries of another brave Dane, Mylus-Erichsen, who had died while exploring the northeast corner of Greenland. After recovering some of the ill-fated explorer's papers, Mikkelsen and a single companion were marooned for two years.

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SCIENCE

Upgrading Neanderthal Man

Almost from the moment his bones were first discovered in Germany's Neander Valley a century ago, his name has been synonymous with brutishness: a squat, shambling creature who wooed his women with a club and sometimes ate his fellow men when he was hungry. Scientists have long doubted this harsh popular image of *Homo neanderthalensis*, or Neanderthal man. Now, as the evidence accumulates, Neanderthal man is rapidly being rehabilitated into a more attractive ancestor of modern man.

From remains found in Europe, archaeologists have already concluded that Neanderthals were skilled hunters and toolmakers, held formal burial rites that indicated a belief in an afterlife, and even practiced a primitive form of Social Security for their aged and infirm. More recently, paleontological examination of skeletons has suggested that Neanderthal man's stooped appearance may have been the result of disease rather than low evolutionary status. According to this theory, he was plagued by a dietary deficiency of vitamin D. This deficiency was aggravated by the diminished sunlight of the ice age, and eventually caused rickets. Now, the most detailed and sympathetic picture yet of Neanderthal man comes from extensive diggings by an American-led expedition

in a mountain cave near the village of Shanidar in Iraqi Kurdistan.

In an article in the current *Smithsonian* magazine, and in a forthcoming book, *Shanidar: The First Flower People* (Knopf, \$8.95), the expedition's chief archaeologist, Dr. Ralph S. Solecki, reports that at least one of the nine Neanderthal skeletons uncovered in the Shanidar cave was buried with flowers. Another skeleton was that of a man about 40 (equivalent to an age of 80 by modern life-spans) who had been born with a withered right arm. The limb had apparently been amputated above the elbow by a Neanderthal "surgeon." The man's age and physical condition indicated to the scientists that he had been unable to fend for himself. They surmised that his fellows kept him alive until he met his death in an accidental rockfall inside the cave, a common peril for these communal hunters who lived from 100,000 to 40,000 years ago. Comments Anthropologist Carleton S. Coon: "On the grounds of behavior alone, the Shanidar folk merit the title of *Homo sapiens*."

Chimp or Philosopher. Neanderthals conducted other elaborate rites besides funerals. Clues to one of these were uncovered in Lebanon last summer when an expedition led by Solecki, who is a professor of anthropology at Columbia University, found the dismembered skel-



MODEL OF NEANDERTHAL WOMAN.
Heaven was not unknown.

eton of a small deer in a cave overlooking the Mediterranean. The 50,000-year-old bones had apparently been arranged in an orderly way and sprinkled with red ochre, a substance used for symbolic purposes by Neanderthal man. Reporting on the discovery last week, Solecki said: "These men were trying to ensure a successful hunt by the ceremonial treatment of one of the animals." In other words, Neanderthal

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What's best to take for Dull, Throbbing Pain Of Nervous Tension Headaches?

Doctors who specialize in treating headaches state most headaches are caused by emotional tension and stress. Anyone who suffers from tension headaches knows only too well how the throbbing, pounding pain can dull your efficiency, slow you down and play havoc with your nerves.

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man resorted to a form of hunter's magic.

How did so sophisticated a creature acquire such an unwarranted reputation? For one thing, the first Neanderthal bones were dug just about the time that Darwin astonished the world with his announcement that man and ape were descended from a common ancestor. Neanderthal's apish image was further enforced by the writings early in this century of the respected French paleontologist Pierre Marcellin Boule. His portrait of Neanderthal as a stunted, beetle-browed creature who walked with bent knees and arms dangling in front of him served as the model for several generations of artists and cartoonists. While certain coarse features in Neanderthal man are undeniable, on physical considerations alone he deserves far better treatment. As the late Harvard anthropologist Earnest Hooton once commented: "You can, with equal facility, model on a Neanderthaloid skull the features of a chimpanzee or the lineaments of a philosopher."

Man-Made Defense

Insects are among nature's most successful experts at chemical warfare. To protect themselves against enemies, they secrete many irritating substances. Certain grasshoppers and butterflies, for example, fight their foes with toxins that they accumulate by munching on milkweed plants. Moths pick up noxious alkaloids from other plants. Now it appears that some insects have gone one step further. They have managed to incorporate into their arsenal a chemical made by man.

The latest advance in insect weaponry came to light while a team of Cornell University scientists was studying a flightless Southern grasshopper called *Romulea microptera*. During egg-laying periods, when the female *Romulea* has its large abdomen stuck in the soil, and at other times when the grasshopper is vulnerable to attack by ants, it noisily emits from openings in its thorax a foul-smelling, brownish froth that halts predator ants in their tracks. To find out why the liquid is so effective, the scientists, led by Biologist Thomas Eisner, extracted it from several hundred grasshoppers and analyzed its contents. In addition to quinones, phenols, terpenes and other chemicals that are often used in insect warfare, they found an unexpected ingredient: 2,5-dichlorophenol, a derivative of a man-made herbicide.

Further experimentation, they report in *Science*, showed that although the grasshoppers eat herbicide-sprayed plants with no ill effects, ants will not touch food that has been doused with 2,5-dichlorophenol. Thus, the scientists concluded, the herbicide had become an effective component of the grasshopper's defense—the first known instance of an insect's using as a weapon a chemical "unleashed upon the ecosystem by man."

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A progress report for people who think "We Listen Better" is just another gimmick from Detroit.

We listen. And because we do, some time ago we asked people to write us.

We leveled. We told you we were in business to sell our products and make an honest dollar.

We also said we couldn't hope to do either unless we know what you, the consumer, want.

So we asked you to tell us.

And a lot of people have. Your letters come by the thousands. They come from every conceivable part of the United States, addressed to "Ford Motor Company Listens," "The Head Listener," "The Ear," etc.

We're more than pleased at that. We're very impressed by the response.



The mail we get constantly explodes a myth: that people have low faith in a depersonalized automobile industry.

WE'RE GETTING AN EARFUL

An earful is right. We've already received enough correspondence to keep us busy for a long time; and every day, another batch pours in.

That doesn't mean we don't want more, though. Every letter counts. Every letter helps. Every one is taken seriously. Maybe you don't believe that. But it's true. And if you'll read along, we'll prove it.

Sure, we get a few crank letters. And every now and then, someone really bites us. But that kind of thing

is rare. Very rare. Ninety-nine per cent of the time, the mail we get is written in good faith by someone sincere enough to sit down and air his thoughts.

"I'm glad to be free to criticize you and to feel that my voice, though small, may have some meaning to you. For your first step toward unabashed honesty, you are to be commended. Let's have more of it."—Mr. B. Fuller, Pittsford, N.Y.

Knowing that, we treat every letter with respect. As soon as a letter reaches us, it is read, forwarded to the proper source and answered. In many cases, that answer comes in the form of a personal phone call. And if we can't contact you within 24 hours, we

send a telegram. At the end of every week, comments from the letters are collected and put into a newsletter. It gets read by a lot of very important people. Including Henry Ford II.

WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT US

Surprisingly, the bulk of our mail is positive. Even constructive. Generally speaking, those of you who own our cars seem to like them pretty well, and you have all kinds of ideas for making them even better. Comments like these are typical:

"As a non-smoker... I have often wondered why I have to buy a car with a cigarette lighter as standard equipment... why can't I have a clock instead?" —D. Golhard, M.D., Burbank, Cal.

"Have you ever considered building sliding doors into your passenger cars, instead of the regular swinging doors? ...if you have experienced the feeling of finding your beautiful new car pitted and dented by a swinging door, you will understand what I mean." —Mrs. F. Dautrich, Los Angeles, California

Mail like that proves one thing. The fundamental faith people have in us as a car company. They're immensely pleased that someone in our business will take the time to listen.

WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE ABOUT US

It isn't all roses, though. One-third of our mail falls into the "complaint" category.

People are mad about a lot of things... justifiably in many cases:

"Why in the name of reason can't you people make practical functions? Bumpers that will protect the car instead of adding to the damage a collision of even the most minor force causes?" —Mr. J. Hise, SR., Palmsville, Ohio.

"I am looking for cheap, reliable, serviceable, economical transportation as I am a college student with a thin wallet and little credit to finance the huge, too-long, too-fat, too-expensive monster you gentlemen at Detroit seem to think is the lifeblood of any car company's model line." —Mr. H. Foster, Syracuse, N.Y.

Ford Motor Company isn't about to solve every gripe overnight.

In fact, some of the problems we may never solve. But we are becoming more responsive to what people want. And that's a fact.

HOW WE'RE CHANGING

Take seat belts and shoulder harnesses, for example. A lot of people don't use them because they think they're a bother—even downright baffling—to use. So we developed a 3-point restraint system that simplifies

the task of buckling up. A small thing, perhaps. But a significant one, nevertheless.



We believe belts that are easier to use are used more often.

THE GRIPE THAT BOTHERS US MOST

But of all the many kinds of letters we receive, one kind strikes fear into us like no other. It's the service complaint letter. The "I got lousy service on my car and you damn well better fix it" letter. It's taught us there are three things you want when you bring your car in for service:

1. You want your car fixed quickly. When a dealer has your car, you can't use it.

2. You want your car fixed right the first time. It's bad enough having to bring your car in once to have it fixed. If you have to bring it in a second (or shudder) third time for the same ailment, we don't blame you for getting good and angry.

3. You want an accurate, honest estimate of what has to be done. There's nothing worse than picking up your car at the Service Department, only to discover that (a.) it isn't ready; (b.) the tune-up you needed has turned into a major overhaul; and (c.) it's going to cost six times what the guy in the shop told you it was going to cost.

That kind of runaround doesn't happen very often. But if it happens just once, it's once too often.

At the outset, we've gone to some extreme measures to improve our service. You've stayed with us this far, so what follows should be of interest.

In the last six years, we, together with our dealers, have spent more than 600 million dollars to update and improve our service facilities.

It would be great if our dealers could give every service customer a "loser." But they can't. So many of our dealers offer a rent-a-car service that allows you to "borrow" a car at a very low cost while yours is tied up. It isn't free, no. But it doesn't cost very much, either.

Our latest move is our biggest: a major reorganization of Ford Marketing Corporation. Result: the Customer Service Division.

NEW CUSTOMER SERVICE DIVISION

What it means is that within Ford Marketing Corporation, the Service organization has been strengthened and put on a level equal to the Sales organization. Its sole responsibility is providing better service. In short, it makes fixing cars as important as selling cars at Ford. Ultimately, it means we'll have 34 Customer Service Managers in 34 different cities (note the map).



Because we listen, we'll soon have Customer Service Offices in 40 cities.

across the country. If you have a complaint that hasn't been resolved to your satisfaction, you'll be able to deal with us direct—in person, if necessary.

Will it solve the problem overnight? We doubt it very much. But ultimately, we know our corner of the situation is going to improve. We're honestly trying to make things better.

We're not perfect, but we are making progress.

So much for our point of view.

Give us yours. We're still listening. Your letter, as always, will be answered, circulated and saved.

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Our system works best when you write us. When we go about trying to solve your problem, we know exactly what it is. And we have something to refer to when we answer you.

And answer you we will.

With a letter. And with action.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)

Man for the Machine

It is an immigrant's face. In times past, thousands like it—high cheekbones, timid eyes poked like currants into a doughy Slavic mask, pale from weeks in steerage—streamed through Ellis Island. Add shades, a black jacket and dyed silver hair and you have America's perverse Huck Finn, son of Mrs. Julia Warhola from Mikova, Czechoslovakia—a face that, after Picasso's monkey visage, is perhaps the most instantly recognizable in art today.

The man's popularity is bizarre: his work, in one sense, is not popular at all. You cannot go into a department store and buy a print of a Warhol. But go down a couple of floors and they proliferate among the groceries: row after row of Brillo cartons, absurd ziggurats of Mott's apple juice and Del Monte peaches towering up under the flat strip lighting. By now nobody who has seen a Warhol can enter a supermarket without the hallucinatory and even monstrous feeling that life is imitating art and that the principle of repetition and meaningless abundance on which Warhol's work is based has created its own landscape, as surely as Cézanne's brush "created" the expectations with which one might drive to Mont Sainte-Victoire. But the America of mass consumption has not been changed; only signed, and in invisible ink.

Some gestures of love seem intolerable. The hardest thing to accept in Warhol's passive and ecstatically sanitary affair with the mass product is that he really does love his subject matter. Once granted that he does, his work—in all its range, from Marilyn's face to electric chairs—assumes a startling consistency. His landscape of the American artifact, and the event-as-artifact of the news photo, has a dense and theatrical immediacy. He has in effect christened an area of American experience that had no name in art before.

Being Someone. Painting a soup can is not in itself a radical act. But what was radical in Warhol was that he adapted the means of production of soup cans to the way he produced paintings, turning them out en masse—consumer art mimicking the process as well as the look of consumer culture. This was a startling act of confrontation. Here, Warhol was saying, is the world you inhabit but do not see. High art is your escape route from its crudities. But why escape? Why not accept it as your cultural ground, he demanded, since "pop art is liking things." Says Andy with utter sincerity: "I want to be a machine"—which to him means never to make choices. Warhol's machinery is that of a receiving station.

Next to Picasso and that camping St. John of the Cheque, Salvador Dalí, Warhol is the supreme example of the artist-as-celebrity. "In the future," he

once remarked, "everyone will be famous for at least 15 minutes." Warhol's own 15 minutes has been very long. His fame is self-replicating: like a perpetual-motion machine, it grinds on amid the iridescent coveting of his superstars and the thump of heavy, if rigged auction prices (\$60,000 from a Swiss dealer for a Campbell's soup can recently). It has reached the point where Warhol is not so much famous for doing something—he rarely turns out any paintings beyond a few commissioned portraits a year, and no longer directs his own films—as for being someone named Andy Warhol.

Inevitably, any of his shows becomes an event bordering on theater. So it is with his current "retrospective" at



ANDY WARHOL

A strategy of self-effacement.

the Whitney Museum, which, when it opened last week, proved to be no retrospective at all but a tiny sampling of his work on canvas from 1962 to 1971, hived off from a larger, more systematic show that Critic John Coplans organized for the Pasadena Art Museum last year and has since been touring Europe to near-hysterical acclaim. The Whitney show starts with a series of the soup cans that propelled Warhol into notoriety. But earlier sequences are not present, which is unfortunate, since it denies viewers the chance to follow Warhol's extraordinary range in his exploration of impersonality, and one gets little sense of the roots of his style. For instance, the *Do It Yourself* pastiches of painting-by-number-kits are excluded. These, with their sharp colors and cunning placement, are among the most formally beautiful things Warhol has made—besides providing added testaments to Warhol's literal belief in

the endless reproducibility of art.

Instead, at Warhol's own insistence, the towering walls of the main gallery are hung, floor to ceiling, with Warhol's fuchsia cow wallpaper, in whose garish and assertive surface the paintings all but drown. A gesture of contempt for his past work? Not quite. This is Warhol's aesthetic of noninvolvement and repetition shoved to another extreme, to the suggestion that a hierarchy of images with a particular "masterpiece" perched on top makes no sense to him. The gross mood of those cows in the Whitney china shop may also remind viewers of how insulated is the environment, somewhere between chapel and hothouse, in which art is normally presented.

Disappearing Act. Warhol's historical importance is beyond question, if such things are measured by a man's effect on other artists. The use of multiple and serial images, of mechanical reproduction, of systematic banality seen as an absolute—most of this either originates in Warhol's paintings or passes through them en route from Duchamp, Jasper Johns and Rauschenberg. But to a wider public, which still measures art in terms of sensuous enjoyability and a man's claim to be an artist by the vim with which he "expresses himself," Warhol is a baffling creature—mainly because his message is that he has no self to express. He names, rather than evaluates. His work is thus one long strategy of self-effacement, a disappearing act behind the gaudy colors and aggressively banal subject matter. Hence the paradox of his enormous fame. He is "a personality" with no personality, transparent as air, and no artist today can be sure he is not breathing him.

To look at an image like *Campbell's Soup Can*, 1965, is not to see it through Warhol's eyes—he has eliminated all idiosyncrasies. There is no contagion of personality. What remains is the flat, mute face of an actuality presented as meaning nothing beyond itself. When Warhol's series of cans, dollar bills, stickers and movie stars appeared in the early and middle '60s, they were thought ironic, an indictment of consumer culture; and a Goyaesque mordancy was attributed to his silk-screen portraits. Because it was deemed improper for an artist to be so drawn to what was decadent, ephemeral or trashy, it was assumed that Warhol was being ironic. But irony is intervention, between perceiver and the perceived, and Warhol does not intervene in that way. In reality, Marilyn and Liz, with their pea-cock masks of off-register color, seem rather to be the products of wistful affection. They reflect the same gee-whiz obsession with glamour and stardom that led Warhol to create the legendary, shifting entourage of drag queens, raucous juvenile models and human parrot fish who, entering a room in a cloud of sequins and patchouli, take the strain of flamboyance off the Master's back. Warhol's id vanishes behind his circus

ANDY WARHOL: Banality As Absolute



Do It Yourself, 1962, Warhol's deadpan version of a paint-by-number kit



Red Race Riot, 1963

SECURITY GALLERY

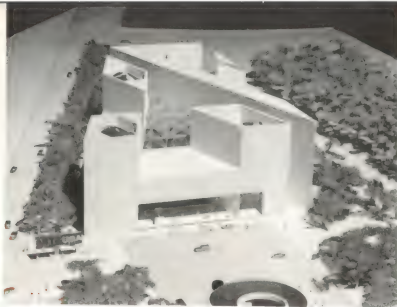


Self Portrait, 1967

BRIDGES FAMILY FOUNDATION, IN



Campbell's Soup Can, 1965



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART'S NEW EXTENSION (MODEL)
In a possible disaster area, a design for the ages.

as his ego does behind his paintings. At the same time, Warhol's sense of the ripeness of a moment is exquisite: since he lives in media and feeds off publicity, it has to be. (He has, in fact, been unstaged only once, when Bobby Kennedy was assassinated just two days after Valerie Solanas shot Warhol.) His activity as painter went on over a decade when American society was expending vast energies in self-scrutiny. In 1950, a photo of a dead duck on a beach was a marine still life; by 1970, the same photo was a reference to ecological ruin.

Benumbing News. This process energized Warhol's images of disaster—the car crashes, the electric chairs, the mushroom clouds and paintings like *Red Race Riot*, 1963—with singular force. A distillation had been made of the benumbing repetition of bad news in order to show that one should not be numbed. Characteristically, Warhol denied any such slant. Neither approval nor disapproval: the news photographs that produced these silk screens, he claimed, “just happened to be lying around,” and he did not pick them. But why were they lying around? For all his elaborations of cool, Warhol has an apocalyptic side, a vision of interminable, inconclusive and somehow masturbatory disaster to which he adds no comment beyond ornamenting it, running the electric chair through its exotic variations of turquoise, yellow, crimson and green, printing the car crash over and over until the ink grays out like a film flapping off the reel. At such moments, Warhol's objectivity assumes the character of defeat.

Victory is the province of culture heroes. One of the effects of Warhol's work that painters will need to grapple with for some time yet is his amoral transparency which has made a heroic role in art look, for the moment, inflated: maybe even impossible.

• Robert Hughes

New Monument

With its oppressive scale and formal axial planning, Washington, D.C., has long been an architectural disaster area studied by a few fine buildings. Any architect tackling a new public structure there faces problems should he wish to produce a design that is both imaginative and in coherent harmony with what already exists. Thus when Architect I.M. Pei was asked to design a new extension to the neoclassical National Gallery of Art, he had to overcome difficulties that seemed insuperable. As the building on the Mall nearest the Capitol, it needed to be monumental. But the site is an awkward trapezoid of land at the intersection of Pennsylvania Avenue and the Mall, facing the Capitol. It was, said Pei, “probably the most difficult site I've ever worked with.”

For the Ages. Last week Pei's model for the \$45 million gallery and study center was unveiled in Washington. It proved to be not merely satisfactory but brilliant: two serene, triangular prisms, one containing the study center and library, the other a group of three skylighted exhibition galleries. The two triangular buildings are united by an intricately trussed skylight covering a central court, which should provide both a sense of welcome to pedestrians and a handsome setting for sculpture. The new building is connected to the old by a wide plaza centering on a glass-bottomed fountain. Beneath it runs an underground esplanade, which includes a 700-seat café whose patrons can look up through the glass at the splashing waters.

“It will transcend its period,” says the gallery's director, J. Carter Brown. “It's not just a jazzy building, it is for the ages.” This phrase is ritually used at the dedication of nearly all public buildings. But when Pei's building is completed (in 1975), the phrase may well turn out for once to be true.

Ever Upward

Some decades back, investors discovered the art market. Some were genuinely interested in art but were also delighted to find that works by the right kind of artists were even safer than the best stocks. The Impressionists and Neo-Impressionists, in particular, were not only sound aesthetically and fiscally but also carried social panache. The result has been staggering prices for pictures which, good enough in themselves, would scarcely deserve to be ranked with the great masters—or even with the best pictures by the same painters.

All this was decisively demonstrated last week in Parke-Bernet's Manhattan auction rooms, where Millionaire Norton Simon was putting some of his \$80 million collection on the block.

An undistinguished landscape by Van Gogh, *L'Hôpital de St. Paul à St. Rémy*, joined the no longer select club of certified million-dollar marvels by fetching \$1,200,000. A smallish Gauguin self-portrait, far less impressive than several others he painted, brought \$420,000—an auction record for that artist. Degas's 371-inch-high *La Petite Danseuse de Quatorze Ans*, wearing the original cloth tutu and silk hair ribbon Degas used, broke the existing auction record for sculpture, selling for \$380,000. Ironically, the little statue was received with such hostility when Degas first exhibited it in 1881 that he never exhibited any other figure during his lifetime.

Other sales dramatized the sure-fire value of this era's art objects. A Cézanne, *The Bathers*, which Simon bought in 1962 for \$56,000, went for \$120,000. A Monet water-lilies oil bought three years ago for \$100,000 sold for \$320,000.

All told, the sale took in \$6,506,300 for 74 works, the highest ever for any art auction held in America. Said Auctioneer Peter Wilson with satisfaction: “A real shot in the arm for the art market.” He spoke as a merchandiser, not a critic.

DEGAS'S “PETITE DANSEUSE”



The 1971 compact you won't be seeing on our streets.

It started out in a 1962 show room as a sight for sore eyes, but by 1971 it was just an eyesore, abandoned on a city street.

Then it was towed away, not to be dumped somewhere else, but to be compacted into the shape you see here. And electric power did the compacting. One eyesore into a handy piece of raw material for recycling. Electrically.

Just look around. Look at the recycling we'll need. Cans, bottles,

plastics, paper, garbage, all that stuff you put out on the curb once or twice a week.

Separating, compacting, reprocessing, much of the job will be done by the most versatile energy we have going for us — electricity.

Our environment needs a lot of shaping up. And as we tackle more and more of these jobs, we'll need a whole lot more electricity.

Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies.*

*For names of sponsoring companies, write to Power Companies, 1310 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.



BUSINESS

SCHILLER (FAR LEFT), SCHEEL & BRANDT (FOURTH & FIFTH FROM LEFT) AT GERMAN CABINET MEETING

The Dollar Crisis: Floating Toward Reform?

MEASURED by the usual signs—the size of the tidal surges of money across national borders, the confusion of tourists caught with currency that no one would take, the tension at the emergency meeting of finance ministers—last week's international monetary crisis was certainly the worst since World War II. Even so, its true gravity could not be gauged by those factors alone. Precipitated by German Economics Minister Karl Schiller in order to get European agreement on new monetary measures, the upheaval at first seemed artificial and contrived. But it quickly became a pointed revolt against the U.S. dollar, the foundation stone of the whole system of Western finance. For the first time, much of the world, in effect, was asking about the dollar the question that arrogant American tourists sometimes ask about other currencies: "How much is that worth in real money?"

Quick Profit. At week's end, a partial answer began to emerge: the dollar will be worth fewer Deutsche marks, and quite likely fewer Dutch guilders, Austrian schillings and Swiss and Belgian francs. At a tense, day-long meeting in Brussels on Saturday, the finance ministers of the six European Common Market nations reluctantly reached a compromise. They authorized member nations to let their currencies "float"—rise or fall in price, depending on supply and demand—within certain limits above or below their stated dollar value. It seemed almost certain that they would promptly rise. This week the West German Cabinet is expected to permit a limited floating of the mark. Belgium, The Netherlands and Austria may well follow that lead; they trade so heavily with Germany that they cannot allow the value of their moneys to get much out of line with that of the mark.

The European ministers minced no words in blaming the U.S. for their di-

lemma. Said French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing: "Europe is having to pay for the U.S. policy of growth and full employment." Schiller was even more direct: "The U.S. deficit of payments can no longer be tolerated with benign neglect."

The monetary crisis began when some remarks by Schiller led money speculators to believe that Germany would

soon raise the official value of the mark above its present 27.3¢. Speculators immediately started selling dollars for marks, hoping to make a quick profit. Contrary to popular opinion, the speculators are not shadowy characters operating on European back streets; most are treasurers of multinational corporations, many American. At any one time they hold huge quantities of various moneys, and they regard it as only prudent to shift funds out of a currency that looks as if it may fall in value into one that seems likely to rise.

Unavoidable Impact. Once the speculation began, it turned into a stampede away from the dollar, and toward not only the mark but every other strong currency in sight. Foreigners poured an unbelievable \$1 billion into Germany in a single hour on Wednesday, and exchanged other giant sums of dollars for guilders, schillings and Swiss francs. Even the Japanese yen became a haven. Tokyo commercial banks holding dollars sold \$340 million of them to the Bank of Japan for yen on Thursday alone.

By midweek, overcome by the onslaught, the central banks of Germany, The Netherlands, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland decided to suspend all dealings in dollars. That left those countries' citizens free to buy dollars at whatever price they thought the U.S. currency was worth in local money. Amsterdam hotelkeepers, Zurich railway clerks and Bonn bankers either would not accept dollars from U.S. tourists at all or would exchange only limited quantities at discounts as much as 10% below the dollar's official value. Even in Africa the dollar became a species of unwanted tummy money. The Bank of Kenya stopped buying dollars with Kenyan shillings, and Nairobi commercial bankers refused to cash traveler's checks for any amount larger than \$143.

While European government officials



plunged into a round of late-night meetings, Washington maintained an almost eerie air of detached calm. Nixon Administration officials did offer some woefully inadequate help to European countries struggling to stop the deluge of dollars. For example, they proposed to allow any country that had to absorb unwanted dollars to invest them in high interest-bearing Treasury securities. But Washington persisted in describing the crisis as a European problem that the European nations could settle if they wished to simply by marking up their currency values. As Treasury Secretary John Connally told newsmen: "That is a matter for them to decide, as to whether or not they want to revalue."

That attitude represents a misreading of both the depth and nature of the crisis. Floating or outright revaluation of a number of major European currencies may damp down the immediate crisis; presumably speculators will take their profits and clear out. But it cannot solve the basic problem: the weakness of the dollar and the unavoidable impact of that weakness on the international monetary system. The dollar's central role in global finance was established at the Bretton Woods, N.H., monetary conference in 1944, which set up the current international monetary structure. That structure, un-



"This is outrageous—I'm accustomed to being greeted with the greatest cordiality and respect—"

fortunately, reflects a world that no longer exists.

At the close of World War II, the U.S. was the only superpower, financially as well as militarily. In particular, it held in Fort Knox 56% of the world's gold. So it seemed only natural that Washington should undertake to anchor the world money system by pledging to buy back, on request, every dollar that flowed out of the U.S. for gold at a fixed price of \$35 an ounce. Other nations guaranteed to fix official values for their currencies and to prevent the

price of their moneys from varying more than 1% from the fixed value in unofficial trading. Originally, the official values were supposed to be fixed in gold, but they soon came to be quoted in dollars, since the dollar, in what has become a famous cliché of world finance, was thought to be literally as good as gold. The dollar thus became the standard of value against which all other moneys in the non-Communist world are measured.

An End to Awe. The theoretical basis for this dollar dominance has long since been eroded. Decades of U.S. balance of payments deficits (see box) have poured more dollars into foreign nations than the dwindling Treasury gold stock—now below the \$11 billion mark—can cover. West Germany alone now holds an estimated \$20 billion in U.S. dollars, enough to claim every ounce of gold that the U.S. has left, and then some. In fact, though not yet in theory, the dollar has become an international paper currency, backed only by the competitive strength of the U.S. economy.

That change in status has had a profound effect upon the psychology of European financiers, businessmen and government officials, who no longer regard the dollar with awe. It has as yet had no comparable psychological effect in the U.S., which has gone on spending out dollars through its payments deficits. As the supply of dollars in foreign countries begins to exceed the demand, the price of the dollar in those nations begins to drop. Con-

Uncle Sam, Spendthrift Banker

A SPENDTHRIFT banker is a threat to the financial stability of his community—especially when his community is the whole non-Communist world. In many respects, the U.S. has adopted the role of global banker: it issues the currency (dollars) that other nations use to pay their bills and store up their savings (in the form of official reserves). Unfortunately, however, the U.S. has developed persistently profligate habits, pouring out more currency than its clients need or want. Some 43.3 billion U.S. dollars are now, in the words of one Congressman, "sloshing around the world."

The dollars have been pumped out by the U.S. balance of payments deficit—a term that sounds formidably technical but is quite simple in concept. The balance of payments is the grand total of money that Americans and their Government spend, lend and invest abroad, matched against total receipts from foreign sources. A deficit occurs when more money goes out of the U.S. than comes into it. This has happened in seven of the past ten years, and lately the gap between U.S. international spending and income has reached alarming proportions. Last year the U.S. spent a record \$10.7 billion more than it took in, and by some estimates the figure totaled \$5 billion during just the first quarter of 1971. Among the reasons:

- The U.S. military role in the world has continued to grow, while the power of the American economy, relative to the rest of the world, has dwindled. U.S. military expenditures abroad contributed an average \$2.4 billion a year to the balance of payments deficit in 1960-64, but last year the drain was \$3.4 billion. The Viet Nam War alone siphoned out around \$1.5 billion in 1970.
- U.S. tourists now spend as much abroad as the Pentagon

does. Tourist expenditures, a relatively minor matter in the early postwar years, have increased in every year since 1946. In 1969, the last year for which total figures are available, tourists left \$3.4 billion outside the U.S.

- U.S. industry is pouring out money to expand operations overseas. The net outflow of American capital to the rest of the world rose from a 1960-64 average of \$4.5 billion annually to \$6.4 billion last year. More than half that figure, \$3.9 billion, represented corporate investments in foreign plants and facilities. The rest of the outflow was caused by such activities as the purchase of foreign stocks by Americans and short-term U.S. bank lending to foreigners.

- Americans are buying more Volkswagens, Toyotas and Sony TVs. U.S. sales of goods and services to foreigners still exceed purchases, but this trade surplus has been shrinking and can no longer pay for as much of the military and tourist spending and corporate investment abroad as it once did. From \$8.5 billion in 1964, the trade surplus plummeted to \$1.9 billion in 1969. The surplus rose to \$3.6 billion in 1970, but that increase is less encouraging than it looks. Exports rose less and imports held up more than they have in past recession years—an indication that U.S. industry is losing its competitive strength.

In sum, Americans have gone on spending, investing and soldiering abroad as if the nation were still the overwhelming economic power that it was immediately after World War II. For many years foreigners believed U.S. assurances that the balance of payments deficit would be brought under control. They no longer do, and their doubts about the responsibility of U.S. economic behavior have turned into a distrust of the value of the dollar.

When was the last time you had a heart to heart talk with your dad?



Once when you asked him how high was the sky
he lifted you over his head and
you felt you could almost touch the clouds.
Once you cried because you thought you'd
never grow up to be pretty.
He didn't laugh.
Now you've grown up and
gone away from home.
You can still have those
heart to heart talks.
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



sequently, the price of the foreign currency, in terms of dollars, rises. In order to prevent prices from fluctuating more than the rules of the system allow, foreign central banks must then buy up the surplus dollars with their own currencies.

Nonpartisan Nonchalance. After a spell of worry about the balance of payments in the 1960s, Washington's attitude has settled into smug nonpartisan complacency. Both Republican and Democratic economists have argued openly that the U.S. need not worry about its international deficits. Government officials have taken the line that any foreign nation unhappy about absorbing dollars can simply increase the official value of its own currency, as Germany did in 1969, thus relieving itself of having to buy up quite so many dollars.

Each foreign revaluation amounts to a partial devaluation of the dollar, which hurts American consumers. If the dollar is worth fewer marks, an American

they reduce the competitive strength of the revaluing nation's economy. A German revaluation, for instance, raises the price of German goods not only in dollars but in francs, guilders and lire, and makes those goods harder to sell in all markets. The alternative, buying up all dollars that turn up in foreign-exchange offices, infuriates Europeans even more. They complain that they are in effect financing U.S. foreign policies of which they disapprove—above all, the Viet Nam War—and footing the bill for U.S. corporate takeovers of European industry. American military spending and foreign investments swell the U.S. payments deficit, and thus the number of unwanted dollars that foreign nations are required to purchase.

European resentment has turned to alarm over the past year, as the U.S. balance of payments swung from temporary surpluses (by one measure) in 1968 and 1969 to the biggest deficit ever in 1970 (see chart, p. 85). The primary cause

er German revaluation would be necessary, and has been trying to persuade other European nations to join. Getting nowhere, he seemingly decided to force a crisis. At the start of last week, five German economic institutes released studies: four recommended floating the mark and the fifth institute advocated outright revaluation. Schiller saw the reports before they were announced, realized what their impact would be, and could have used his influence to have them toned down. Instead, he publicly welcomed the reports as "a useful contribution to the debate"—even though he must have known that such a statement would cause speculators to buy marks in expectation of a quick rise in their value.

Showdown in Brussels. Far from unifying Europe on monetary strategy, however, Schiller seems to have produced greater confusion than ever. Even in the midst of crisis, Germany could not win agreement on a concerted European revaluation. After France and other Common Market countries made clear their opposition to revaluation, Schiller's proposal to let the mark float ran into considerable opposition within his own government. At a four-hour meeting in Chancellor Willy Brandt's house in the Venusberg section of Bonn, Foreign Minister Walter Scheel argued that a floating mark would foul up the Common Market's system of farm price supports, which assumes set relationships between the currencies of the Market's six member nations. Bundesbank President Karl Klagen contended that Germany should instead clamp on tight exchange controls in order to stop the inflow of unwanted dollars. The government could, for example, forbid citizens to borrow abroad and order commercial banks not to pay interest on dollar deposits.

Schiller nevertheless won a consensus for his position, and at the Common Market meeting Saturday urged a concerted float by the six nations. The French resisted, largely out of a desire to preserve the Market's farm price-support system; they echoed Bundesbank President Klagen's argument that exchange controls would be preferable. What finally came out was a compromise: Market nations can float their currencies if they feel it essential. But floaters and nonfloaters should try to preserve the rates at which, say, marks and francs can be exchanged for each other, even as the mark's rate against the dollar rises—a goal easier to state than to attain. The Market nations may institute some exchange controls too.

Flouting the Rules. The key question for this week is whether this package will even temporarily stop speculation against the dollar, or merely concentrate it in other currencies—the Swiss franc, for example. Swiss officials have said that they will never float their currency, but that if Germany floats the mark the Swiss franc may be formally revalued. Forced floating or revaluation of one currency after another under crisis con-



FRANTIC ACTIVITY AT THE LONDON EXCHANGE
An attitude of benign neglect.

has to pay more dollars to buy beer in Heidelberg or a Volkswagen at home. But revaluations of foreign currencies help U.S. industry, because they lower the price of American goods, expressed in foreign currency, and make them more competitive abroad.

Last week's crisis was a confused European rebellion against this unnatural American dominance, and indeed against the international monetary system itself. The outbreak may prove to be what is required eventually to bring on the long-needed overhaul of the system. But in the short term, it could produce chaos in the world financial community.

Europeans have long resented the U.S. attitude toward its deficits (which Washington officials candidly characterize as "benign neglect"). Piecemeal revaluations repel Europe for the same reasons that they please Washington:

of the swing was the decline of interest rates in the U.S. as they rose in Europe, prompting U.S. capital to flow to Europe in search of a higher return. In the European view, the U.S. was now exporting its inflation through the balance of payments deficit. When West Germany's Bundesbank, for instance, buys dollars with marks, it pours money into the German banking system. That money will flow into the spending stream, with inflationary effects, unless the Bundesbank restricts domestic bank lending. While the rate of inflation is subsidizing in the U.S., it is rising in Europe; European governments do not see how they can fight inflation effectively if huge U.S. deficits and the operations of the monetary system force them to pump out more money than they judge to be safe.

Karl Schiller has long felt that another

"How an Accutron® watch movement helps me trap air polluters."



By Paul Rubenstein

I'm a photographer and I've lived in New Jersey most of my life.

It's been a good place to live except for one thing.

Sometimes polluted air would come down from the big industrial plants and you'd think you were going to die.

My blood would boil. But I'd ask myself, "What can one guy do about it?"

One day I decided it was time to find out. I began building a camera to trap air polluters.

In New Jersey you trap an air polluter by proving that he has released pollutants into the air for longer than three consecutive minutes.

To do that I gave my camera two lenses that worked simultaneously. One to take a picture of the place. One to take a picture of the time, on a built-in clock.

I used an Accutron tuning fork movement to impress the judge.

I thought I'd better have the right time if I wanted my pictures to hold

up in court. So I used an Accutron clock. Like every Accutron watch, it had a tuning fork movement that was guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

I figured that had to impress even a judge.

And it did.

For the past five years, my pictures have been accepted as legal evidence.

Through rain, sleet, 112° in the shade, my camera has kept going to trap air polluters. (Or to defend non-air-polluters.)

And through all that, the built-in Accutron clock has kept accurate time. Never giving me a moment's trouble.

As a matter of fact, it's on the job right now.

But just where, I'm not at liberty to say.

Date and Day "AD" One-piece case and mesh band in 14k solid gold. Hand-applied black and gold markers on a finely textured silver dial. Date resets instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. \$609. Other styles from \$110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
an ecological instrument.
Accutron by Bulova.

ditions could generate growing confusion as to what any currency was worth; it could lead, theoretically, to a paralysis of world trade and investment. In any case, last week's developments begin a *de facto* revision of the monetary system. Allowing the floating of a few major currencies, such as the mark, guilder and Belgian franc, beyond a 1% variation from their official value openly flouts International Monetary Fund rules.

Thus, even after the current crisis subsides, no patchwork solution is likely to long maintain an international monetary system based on the weakened dollar. The U.S. obviously needs to strengthen its currency, but how can it do so? There are many courses of action open to the Nixon Administration, but several have their own drawbacks.

New Bretton Woods. A sharp cutback in U.S. military operations abroad would reduce the outflow of dollars, but it would frighten some of the very nations that protest American "dollar imperialism"—notably Germany, which feels that the presence of U.S. troops on its soil is necessary until there is a Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Europe. Reinstating the tight-money policies and high interest rates of 1968 and 1969 would help the balance of payments, but would also abort U.S. recovery from last year's recession and throw many more Americans out of work.

Still, there are actions that would stanch the dollar drain and would be desirable on other grounds as well. An end to the Viet Nam War is the most obvious. Domestically, the Nixon Administration could try to fight inflation by issuing guidelines for acceptable pay and price increases. Europe's money men have urged the U.S. to adopt such an "incomes policy," and have lost faith in the dollar partly because of Washington's failure to heed their advice. The Government could also stimulate recovery from recession by cutting taxes rather than relying as heavily as it now does on expanding the money supply and bringing down interest rates.

The U.S., however, is no longer in a position to repair the monetary system by itself. Perhaps the most important lesson of the crisis is that financially, as well as politically and militarily, the days of unchallenged U.S. dominance of the non-Communist world are over. A natural corollary of that development is that the monetary structure should be redesigned to reflect the new reality, and some Europeans did indeed draw that conclusion last week. James Callaghan, former British Chancellor of the Exchequer, for one, in effect called for a second Bretton Woods conference "to build a new system."

At the very least, such a conference could readjust the values of major currencies in a noncrisis atmosphere. It could also make some important technical adjustments in money-trading rules. One might be to widen the fluctuations in currency prices that central banks can permit—perhaps a rise from

the present 1% to 5% above or below official value. Flows of speculative money have become so large that the 1% limit it has become unrealistic and a breeder of crises instead of a stabilizer.

Even more important, the conference could modify the system so that another currency would share the central role and thus relieve what has become the dollar's crushing burden. Most discussion has centered on a newly created form of money, such as the Special Drawing Rights that the IMF began issuing in 1970 with obviously inadequate effect. There is a more likely candidate: the unified currency that the Common Market nations intend to create, assuming that storms such as last week's crisis do not frustrate their plans. The world needs a second currency that nations could use, along with the dollar, to hold in reserves and settle bills with each other.

Yale Economist Robert Triffin, a leading international financial expert and a member of TIME's Board of Economists, has observed that necessary international monetary reforms come about only as a result of crises. Now that the world has had the crises, it is time for the reform. The chaotic conditions of last week, if prolonged or repeated, pose a grave threat to international stability. The present monetary system served the global economy well for many years and helped to promote an enormous postwar expansion of world trade. But financial institutions, like any other, can stay healthy only if they change with the world around them.

AEROSPACE

New Life for TriStar

In the rough-and-tumble aircraft industry, where fortunes are made and lost on Government contracts, Lockheed has taken more than its share of tumbles. Over the years, it rolled up \$480 million in losses on four military projects. In February, already cash-starved, it ran into even more trouble on its biggest venture into commercial aircraft: the L-1011 TriStar Airbus. Rolls-Royce, supplier of engines for the TriStar, went into receivership and the British government refused to finance production of the engines unless the U.S. Government assured it that Lockheed could pay for them.

Now, provided Congress is amenable,

Lockheed and its chairman, Daniel Haughton, may have that assurance. Treasury Secretary John Connally announced that the Administration this week will ask Congress for \$250 million in a loan guarantee to keep the TriStar project going. The new loans would come from private banks, but would have Government backing and would be as secure as Federal Reserve notes. If Congress goes along, the British are expected to let Rolls-Royce proceed full speed ahead on the RB-211 engines, which were designed specifically for the TriStar air frame. Then 10,000 Lockheed employees working on the TriStar and 14,000 other workers at more than a thousand domestic subcontractors can stop worrying about their jobs.

Corner Grocer. But opposition to the bail-out plan is already forming in Congress, where approval is necessary before the money actually starts flowing. "I will do my best as a Senator to oppose this proposal," said William Proxmire, who figured heavily in the defeat of the SSI. House Banking Committee Chairman Wright Patman, who helped defeat the Administration's initial loan proposal to save Penn Central from bankruptcy last year, also has his knife out. Others are opposed to the rescue plan unless, as Indiana's Vance Hartke says, "the corner grocer gets one too."

Mindful of Congress's testiness, Secretary Connally is touching every responsive chord he can reach in his

CHAIRMAN HAUGHTON



LOCKHEED'S TRISTAR



**FOR EVERY VOLKSWAGEN
SOLD IN ITALY, 8 FIATS ARE SOLD
IN GERMANY.**

**FOR EVERY RENAULT SOLD
IN ITALY, 3 FIATS ARE SOLD IN
FRANCE.**

**FOR EVERY VOLVO SOLD
IN ITALY, 9 FIATS ARE SOLD IN
SWEDEN.**

Of the fifty different kinds of small cars sold in Europe, Fiat sells more than anybody.

This becomes even more meaningful when you consider that Fiat's success with Europeans is based on three generations of driving these various cars.

And driving them under conditions that run all the way from the sub-zero winters of Sweden to the Alpine roads of northern Italy to the traffic jams of Paris to the no speed limit, free-for-all driving of the German autobahn.

For those of you who are about to buy your first small car, the above information should prove invaluable.

After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.



defense of the loan guarantee: jobs, defense, national pride, Anglo-American relations and the future of technology. "We think the price this nation would have to pay if Lockheed went bankrupt entirely justifies this action," he said last week. "Besides, we're gonna have the additional collateral of getting our money out first." One of Connally's biggest selling points is that, unlike the final Penn Central rescue proposal, Government-backed loans to Lockheed will be paid off before the company's other \$400 million in outstanding loans.

If the Administration bill is defeated in Congress—or even stalled past the Labor Day recess—the TriStar project may well be doomed. And if TriStar dies, Lockheed executives fear, the company itself has no chance of survival.

CONSUMERISM

Getting the Lead Out

To boost power and eliminate engine knock, oil companies have been stirring lead into their gasoline for half a century. Last year, in an effort to capitalize on the pollution issue, most major refiners began producing at least one line of lead-free fuel. Despite the public clamor about the environment, however, the strategy is not paying off. The new unleaded gasolines, dealers complain, are selling at a leaden pace.

Non- and low-lead fuels account for little more than 3% of all gasoline sold, compared with about 44% for leaded premium and 53% for leaded regular. To attract more customers, some companies, such as Atlantic Richfield and Standard Oil of California, have already cut prices by a penny or so a gallon on their unleaded brands. The response has been negligible. "Lead-free fuels have flopped," says a respected Wall Street petroleum analyst.

Most oilmen agree that the price is the problem: nearly all unleaded gasolines sell for 1¢ to 4¢ more than regular. Oil-company spokesmen explain that there is a reason for the premium. To keep octane ratings high enough so that gasolines will burn without knocking in Detroit's high-combustion engines, they say, lead must be replaced with more expensive ingredients, like platinum. Some officials of the Government's Environmental Protection Agency suspect that the oil industry may be purposely overpricing low-leads to make them less attractive than leaded products, for which they have invested heavily in refinery equipment. If that is true, the companies are delaying the inevitable. The pollution-control devices that automakers must install on new cars beginning in 1975 will be so delicate that they would be clogged by leaded gasoline. Predicts Robert Hart, executive vice president of Shell, which has spent \$80 million installing unleaded gas pumps and tanks at its stations: "The way the regulatory authorities are moving, it looks as if leaded gasoline will be a thing of the past before the end of the '70s."

REAL ESTATE

A Gamble on Manhattan

The millions of people who think that New York City is a nice place to visit—even if they wouldn't want to live there—normally keep the city's hotels as busy as any in the world. But rising costs and the business recession have driven many New York hotels into the red. In the first three months of 1971, their occupancy rate sank to 65%, the lowest in eight years. One of the few hoteliers who remains undaunted by that gloomy statistic is Real Estate Operator Harry Helmsley. This month he boldly opened Manhattan's first new



HELMSLEY IN FRONT OF NEW HOTEL
No funny men or name-badges.

hotel since 1965: the Park Lane, a \$30 million tower overlooking Central Park.

Snob Appeal. Helmsley's gamble on the Park Lane is all the more remarkable because it ignores the hotel industry's growing reliance on conventions and banquets as a primary source of revenue. Like its older Manhattan neighbors, the Plaza, St. Regis-Sheraton and Pierre, the elegant Park Lane is designed mainly to lure well-heeled individual travelers, whether they are in New York for business or pleasure. Helmsley spent nearly \$50,000 for each room, many of which are lavishly decorated with original paintings. Overnight rentals vary from \$32 for a single to \$140 for a two-bedroom suite. Says John Mados, director of Helmsley's hotel operations: "You won't find any men with funny hats and name badges in my lobby." The snob appeal may pay off; hotels charging \$30-and-up per night have suffered less from the slowdown than those with more economical room rates.

Helmsley, a tall, spare man of 62, is used to taking risks in real estate, and has done well enough at it to become owner of the firm (now called Helmsley-Spear) that hired him in 1926 after he left high school. He is one of the nation's largest real estate operators. Helmsley either manages or has an interest in properties worth \$2.5 billion, including Manhattan's Empire State Building and Tudor City apartment complex, office buildings in Chicago and Detroit and apartment houses in Los Angeles, Houston and San Francisco.

Canyonized City. Despite the recent moves of several major corporations out of New York (TIME, April 26), Helmsley is convinced that his native city is still a good investment: he currently has interests in newly rising buildings that will add 3,300,000 sq. ft. of office space to the canyonized city. "The companies that are moving out are being replaced by new companies and by expansion of old ones," he says. Other builders agree: fully 25% of the office space currently under construction in the U.S. is located in Manhattan.

THE OFFICE

Back to Button-Down

With the possible exception of Secret Service men, no employees in the nation are as well known for their square appearance as the men of IBM. Most of them wear pretty much what was in style two or three generations of computers ago—dark and unshaped suits, white button-down shirts and quiet, narrow ties. Lately, however, some staffers have begun to acknowledge the revolution in men's fashions by showing up for work in loafers, striped shirts and flared trousers. To Thomas J. Watson Jr., IBM's chairman, the whole trend was clearly unacceptable. And so, in a recent memo reported last week in the *Wall Street Journal*, he let employees know exactly what he thought about it.

Watson's note, sent to IBM managers, warned that "too many of our people are beginning to exceed the bounds of common sense in their business attire." Because "the midstream of executive appearance is generally far behind the leading edge of fashion," he continued, modish threads might well offend potential IBM customers.

Recognizing that he ran "the risk of appearing arbitrary," said IBM's chairman, he nonetheless had decided to give each manager "the responsibility to establish and enforce conservative dress and appearance standards." Watson did not dictate a specific uniform, but to most employees his message was clear: back to the button-downs. The sartorial retrenchment at IBM, so the story goes, was inspired by a young man in hippie clothes who happened to catch Watson's eye one day in a bank. When Watson asked a bank official why he permitted employees to dress that way, he was quietly informed that the man in question worked for IBM.



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BOOKS

Lapsometer Legend

LOVE IN THE RUINS by Walker Percy. 403 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$7.95.

Ten years ago, when he published *The Moviegoer*, it was clear that Walker Percy had emerged as the first major Southern voice in 30 years entirely free of the Faulknerian inflection. That in itself was good news. Yet the particular glories of the book were a tone of voice that combined modern dryness and irony with an almost wanton tenderness, and a languid young hero who drifted from years of daydreaming about love to a gradual awareness of the real thing. Percy's second novel, *The Last Gentleman* (1966), was also about a vague young man, this one afflicted with occasional amnesia.

Subtitled "The Adventures of a Bad Catholic at a Time Near the End of the World," Percy's new novel is a rather abrupt departure from the past. The scene is the South. The time is the 1980s, when current polarizations have reached logical conclusions. If the reader's heart sinks upon being confronted with another futuristic novel, it must be said that Percy takes his projections with agreeable lightness. In *Love in the Ruins*, the population is split into small enclaves of like-minded dissidents: blacks v. whites, knotheads (conservatives) v. liberals. Even the Catholic Church has become a trinity of antagonistic sects. Because no one wants to be a repairman, everything has broken down. Superhighways and shopping centers are enjoying a true "greening"; they are overgrown with weeds.

The bad Catholic of the subtitle is Dr. Thomas More, a collateral descendant of the saint. He is also alcoholic, and, at 45, his health and equilibrium have become very shaky. "At the time that I developed liberal anxiety," he mourns, "I also contracted conservative rage and large-bowel complaints." Much of his time is spent mooning over three dizzy young girls whom he loves equally in a rather abstracted way. Deeply skeptical of human solutions, he nevertheless deludes himself that he can heal the modern soul with an invention which he calls the lapsometer. Like a latter-day Descartes focusing on the pineal gland as seat of the human soul, More constructs a machine that isolates and measures areas of psychic imbalance in the brain.

What he yearns for is a therapeutic attachment for his gadget so that he can cure as well as diagnose. Before long, he is in the hands of an ultramodern devil named Art Immelmann, who claims to be the liaison man for the somehow still-functioning Rockefeller-Ford-Carnegie foundations. Art explains that all three are anxious to fund lapsometer research in return for patent rights. Dr. More signs them over, and in no time at all the device is be-

ing used to foment further disorder.

As a satire the book has something to offend just about everyone. Conservative Catholics, whose spiritual center is Cicero, Ill., celebrate Property Rights Sunday. Among the Reform Schismatics, several divorced priests are importuning the Dutch cardinal to allow them to remarry. Yet the book's purpose is clearly moral. Near the end Dr. More muses: "What I want is just to figure out what I've hit on. Some day a man will walk into my office as ghost or beast or ghost-beast and walk out as a man, which is to say sovereign wanderer, lordly exile,



WALKER PERCY

"Don't give up, New York!"

worker and waiter and watcher." Underlying the satire is a rueful equanimity and a lingering hope, one sometimes found in both Catholics and Southerners, that there may be a point to the working and watching, that there may be one day a kingdom for the exile.

Percy's quiet inflections have always been worth listening to, but there have been times when he had hardly any audience at all. *The Moviegoer* is the subject of one of the publishing industry's favorite heartwarmers. The firm of Knopf evidently thought it had bought something more like *Lanterns on the Levee*, the classic clarion call to patrician Southern virtue written by Per-

cy's uncle, William Alexander. The publisher did not think enough of the nephew's effort to submit it for the National Book Awards, but it won anyway, after a shaggy-dog sequence of events that began when the late A.J. Liebling picked the book off a New Orleans bookshop table and ended when he touted it to his wife, Jean Stafford, who was a book-award judge that year.

All of Percy's life has seemed to move at a desultory pace. A member of an old Southern family of lawyers and legislators, he was orphaned at 14 and adopted by Uncle William. He graduated from medical school at Columbia and in 1942 interned in pathology at Bellevue Hospital. But at the end of the year, he found he had contracted TB. He never practiced medicine again.

It was during the next few years of enforced retirement that he was converted to Catholicism, read constantly and began writing. *The Moviegoer* was preceded by two "dreadful" unpublished novels that took five years to write. "The first," he recalls, "was 1,000 pages long. It was would-be Wolfe. The second was life and love in Saranac Lake—another *Magic Mountain*."

It is tempting to confuse this gentle, mild-mannered man with his heroes. Like *The Last Gentleman*, he tends to become addled in New York, a city that he generally tries to avoid. He is no longer a compulsive moviegoer, but he leaves the television on—without sound—all evening long. "I'm afraid the world will end when I'm not looking," he says. During lunch he watches *Days of Our Lives*. "I love the recurring themes in soap-opera serials. The women get pregnant and the men get amnesia. The perfect fictional character would have progressive amnesia. I might do a novel about that."

Existence is totally unalarming along the serene bayou in Covington, La., where Percy, now 55, lives with his wife and teen-age daughter. There is a stream of adolescents in and out of the house, who think that if "Dr. Percy" tried real hard, he might write something nearly as good as *Love Story*. Obviously unaware that any publisher in New York would swim Lake Pontchartrain for a novel by Percy, one of them recently confided that she baked him a cake with three candles when his third book was accepted for publication.

That kind of neglect is just fine with him. He enjoyed writing the satire in *Love in the Ruins*, some targets of which can be found in Covington, but also sees the book as a celebration of sorts. "For the first time in 150 years, the South is back in the Union and can help to save it. After Los Angeles and Detroit, the whole country is in the same trouble. At least there is unity." Percy pointed this out to his Northern liberal audience in a speech at this year's book awards. "Don't give up, New York. California, Chicago, Philadelphia!" he said. "Louisiana is with you, Georgia is on your side."

■ Martha Duffy



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The Saltcellar War

HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR
by B.H. Liddell Hart. 768 pages. Putnam.
\$12.50.

The scene insinuates itself early in the reader's mind. The place is London, one of those comfortable, leathered clubs with high-back wing chairs and good port. Across the table, C. Aubrey Smith, his mustache drooping imperially, leans forward in his scarlet mess dress tunic to rearrange the saltcellars, silverware and apples on the table before him. There are proud mutterings of hussars, lancers, and Royal Scots Greys, tones of awe for the Panzer-grenadiers. "There they were," he announces with grave mien. "And over here, a thin red line."

Despite the *Four Feathers* mood that clings to it, Sir Basil Liddell Hart's last work is magisterial. On active duty in World War I, he rose only to the rank of captain in the British army before being gassed in 1916; yet, as his country's foremost military historian, he became a matchless armchair general and indeed, as pioneer advocate of fast-moving armored columns, a teacher of generals. Liddell Hart worked on this history for a quarter-century; he died last year while correcting proofs. Quite literally, it is his epitaph, and an appropriate one. For along with a crisp style, skill and precision, it carries the anachronistic imprint of a boy who grew up loving games and came to view war as the most fascinating game of all.

As the story begins, we meet again those bungling French and British statesmen, the chaps who need not have gone to war at all, at least not at such a time on such a scale. Selling out Czechoslovakia with its 35 trained and ready divisions cut the heart out of effective opposition to Hitler in Central Europe. Allied military planners, on Liddell Hart's evidence, were little better than the politicians. He credits them with inviting Hitler's invasion of Scandinavia with loudly proclaimed plans to mine Norwegian ports and cut off the flow of iron ore from Sweden. Sir Basil thinks somewhat more highly of the German generals. But even they, he admits, succeeded in their dramatic 1940 breakthrough on the Western front partly by accident. Their initial plan for the invasion of France was a right-flank wheel through Belgium along the lines of the 1914 Schlieffen plan, which might easily have been met and thwarted. The strategy was dropped, however, when a German major, flying in a snowstorm, was forced down in Belgium with a full set of war plans that was seized by the Allies. The substitute plan sent General Heinz Guderian's spectacular armored thrust through the seemingly impassable Ardennes to catch the French near Sedan, a critically weak point in their defenses.

Sir Basil's compendium of Allied disasters does not end there. Perhaps the

worst tactical blunder was Eisenhower's decision in late summer 1944 to withhold supplies, especially gasoline, from Patton's Third Army, then rolling across France, in order to give more to Montgomery's forces, which were slogging through the Low Countries. Eisenhower did it to placate Monty and hold the Allies together as a team, but Liddell Hart contends that a supply shortage need not have affected either army. The crucial extra supplies to Montgomery were consumed by a buildup for the projected airborne landing near Tournai, which was canceled. The gasoline thus tied up, he argues, would have sent Patton's tanks to the Rhine in September, probably to ensure a surrender in the fall. Half a million Allied military casualties occurred after September, Liddell Hart notes—as well as millions of other enemy and civilian casualties.

While Liddell Hart's more controversial conclusions center on Western Eu-

(JORDAN L. GORDON)



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rope, he ranges over all theaters of the war. His command of German strategy in Russia, and the Soviet counteroffensive, is prodigious; his respect for the Russian soldier worthy of Eisenstein. "The advancing host," he writes, "rolled on like a flood, a nomadic horde. The Russians could live where any Western army would have starved, and continue advancing when any other would have been sitting down."

When it comes to war in the Pacific, Liddell Hart follows the lead of others in arguing that the atomic bombs "under whose dark shadow the world has lived ever since" need not have been dropped. Sir Basil also points out that Pearl Harbor was hardly so unprecedented an act as it first seemed. He quotes with some glee from the London *Times*, which, in 1904, applauded the Japanese fleet for their similar surprise attack on the Russian squadron at Port Arthur. The architect of that enterprise, Admiral Togo,

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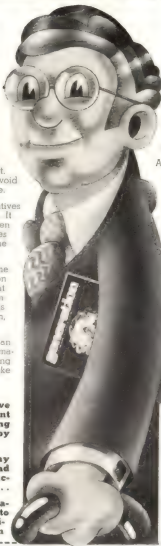
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OF A FIRE ON THE MOON



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meat broths and stews were the order of the day. Salt was obligatory in cheese and butter as well as on meat, making home-brewed ale equally obligatory. All lips smacked through the age of Chaucer.

What would have happened, Miss Pullar speculates, if the Puritans had not forbidden spices as exciters of passion, and generally brought to a crisis the English gourmet's problem, which she defines as "the neurosis between the soul and the body"? The English tradition, she thinks, "might have blossomed as richly as that of the French." After Cromwell, mourns Miss Pullar, "nothing was ever quite the same again." "Mighty Roast Beef" became the national dish.

For Miss Pullar, her history, and history in general, goes downhill after the Industrial Revolution. "Not since Imperial Rome can there have been so many signposts to gluttony." J.B. Priestley wrote of the Edwardians. (Edward VII's breakfast: haddock, poached eggs, bacon, chicken and woodcock.) Yet coexisting with gluttony, comparatively unimaginative gluttony, was malnutrition. Only one of three Englishmen of military age was found fit for World War I.

The welfare state, Miss Pullar complains, has leveled things out, but only at the price of turning England into a giant supermarket. She writes: "There is no excellence any more, or very little," looking far beyond her cookbooks to a civilization she judges tragically out of tune with nature. "Sterility, not fertility, is the great cry," she protests. "Life is one animal," Samuel Butler said. And slowly we are killing it."

Today's Englishman, Miss Pullar concludes, has come full circle and ended up like the Romans, with bread-and-circuses. But what she finally cannot forgive him is the poor quality of the bread.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. QB VII, Urs (1 last week)
2. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (3)
3. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (2)
4. The Underground Man, MacDonald (4)
5. The Throne of Saturn, Drury (5)
6. The Bell Jar, Plath
7. Rich Man, Poor Man, Shaw (7)
8. The Antagonists, Gann (8)
9. Summer of '42, Raucher (6)
10. Passenger to Frankfurt, Christie (10)

NONFICTION

1. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (2)
2. The Sensuous Man, "M" (1)
3. The Greening of America, Reich (3)
4. Stillewell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, Tuchman (4)
5. Future Shock, Toffler (6)
6. Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Rovko (7)
7. The Grandees, Birmingham (5)
8. The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages, Morison
9. Civilisation, Clark (8)
10. The Female Eunuch, Greer

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The films of French Director Eric Rohmer are so literary in method that they practically force viewers to grope for apt novelistic comparisons. His *My Night at Maud's* was suffused with a Catholic sensibility that evoked thoughts of Mauriac and James Joyce. *Claire's Knee*, with its themes of memory and desire, had critics remembering Proust. *La Collectionneuse* (The Collector), the third of Rohmer's irony-laden "moral tales" to reach the U.S., may well get audiences to thumbing their Nabokov.

As in the other Rohmer stories, the protagonist is an amiably vain, self-righteous prig torn by his infatuation with two women. Adrien (Patrick Bauchau) is a dandified Paris antique dealer who decides to take a vacation from his mistress. His holiday goal at a friend's villa near St.-Tropez, he announces, is "to do and to be absolutely nothing." Unfortunately for his purposes, the villa is already occupied by a painter friend and by Haydée (Haydée Politoff), a pouty, bikini-clad young swinger who collects men much the way Adrien gathers antiquities. Her affairs with the painter and a wealthy American art fancier gradually arouse Adrien's own confused feelings of jealousy and lust. Amused by the thought of a new conquest, Haydée consents to sleep with him. But in a final spasm of pique, Adrien drives away while she talks to a brace of former boy friends. Alone at the villa, unsatisfied with the solitude he initially sought, Adrien at film's end decides to rejoin his mistress.

In style and substance, *La Collectionneuse* is distinctly inferior to both *Maud* and *Claire*. Except for Haydée Politoff's sensual gamine, the ac-

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ing is monotonously low-keyed. Rohmer's direction, never vivacious, is torpid even for him. Still, the masterful symmetry of the plot, the nuanced yet aphoristic clarity of the dialogue and the unobtrusive evocation of what D.H. Lawrence called "the spirit of place," explain in part why Rohmer has lately become something of a film fan's cult figure.

■ John T. Elson

Track with a Brass Ring

It seems at first far too facile and fragile an idea for a full-length movie: the roller derby as a metaphor for America's competition, violence, degradation. Scenes of derby competition worked well in films like *Petulia* and *Medium Cool* because they were used as secondary symbols, episodes that were part of a more complex whole. But an entire feature devoted to the derby, its stars and its life-styles? Director Cameraman Robert Kaylor confounds all expectations in *Derby*. He does it by treating the competition not as a symbol but as a sorry fact of life.

His film is about one real skater who has made it big (Charlie O'Connell, captain of the San Francisco Bay Bombers), and another who wants desperately to follow him around the same successful turn. Mike Snell works in the Firestone Tire plant in Dayton, Ohio, and dreams of making it in big-time derby competition. Kaylor intercuts footage of O'Connell and Snell: the derby hero bashing his rivals, leading his team, conducting a tour of a moneyed man's San Francisco, and Hero Worshiper Snell going through the day-to-day hassles of making a tentative kind of life for himself and his family. Kaylor captures scenes and feelings—factories, roadhouses, dancehalls, motorcycles—that make similar attempts in *Joe* look like musty melodrama.

Kaylor uses a kind of modified neo-realist technique in which real people reenact real situations. The results are often stunning. There is a pervasive tone of desperation in *Derby*, a sense of ironic, backhanded success about O'Connell and a pitiful aimlessness in Snell. As the documentary ends, he gets on a motorcycle and rides out to roller derby school in San Francisco. Snell says he wants to "better" himself, but *Derby* has made it clear that success will mean no more than living a hollow dream.

■ Jay Cocks

Manic Disorder

The Volkswagen, its front end crumpled like a concertina, shudders to a stop at the curb. Fielding Mellish (Woody Allen), in baggy chinos and grimy glasses, is eager for his date with the zafig coed who showed up at his apartment door one night beseeching him to sign her petition. Fielding flings open the car door, springs out of the

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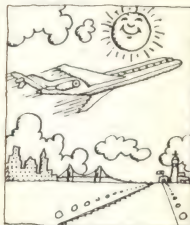
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car and plummets straight down into an open manhole.

He surfaces, only to plunge into a pulsatingly neurotic love affair with Nancy the canvasser. She throws him over and he departs in a plane and a funk for the explosive Latin American republic of San Marcos of which he eventually and improbably becomes dictator. Wearing a patently phony red beard, he flies to the U.S. to ask for foreign aid. He encounters Nancy once again, beds her, reveals his true identity and weds her—but only after he is tried by the Government on various charges including "using the word thighs in mixed company." He is found guilty on all counts, but released on the promise that he won't move into the judge's neighborhood.

This manic disorder is called *Bananas*, 80-some-very-odd minutes of certified Allen hilarity, all patents pending. Allen is an expert practitioner of the scattershot technique, in which anything is attempted for the sake of the gag. Continuity and coherence are early victims of such an approach, but Allen keeps you laughing so steadily that you notice only later that nothing really hangs together or makes much sense at all.

Stylistically, *Bananas* is rather a mess in which Allen, who also directed and co-authored the script, is spread thin. (After all, he's only 115 lbs. to begin with.) Both *Take the Money and Run*, his first feature, and *Bananas* lack unity and the careful timing that turns chuckling into explosive laughter. His verbal comedy is brilliantly wacky: Fielding confesses to his startled shrink that as a child he stole pornographic books in braille and rubbed the dirty parts. But his visual comedy needs the kind of discipline he might get from a closer study of Keaton and Chaplin. If he achieves it, he may become an old master himself some day.

■ J.C.

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